

MORAL TALES

IN VERSE,

FOUNDED ON REAL EVENTS

MORAL TALES

IN VERSE,

FOUNDED ON REAL EVENTS.

VOL. II.

MORAL TALES

IN THREE

VOLUMES, OR A SERIES OF

VOL. II.

MORAL TALES

IN VERSE,

3 Hg

FOUNDED ON REAL EVENTS.

WRITTEN BY

THOMAS HULL,

OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION, TO

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF LEEDS.

— O! these flaws and starts would well become
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. *Shakespeare's Macbeth,*

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR, AND UNDER THE DIRECTION OF,
GEORGE CAWTHORN, BRITISH LIBRARY, STRAND.

1797.

MORAL TALES

IN VERSE.

FOUNDED ON REAL EVENTS.

WRITTEN BY

THOMAS HULL,

OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION, TO

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF LEEDS.

O! these days and nights would well become

A woman's story, at a woman's time,

Authentic by her knowledge, & her name.

TOM. H.

LONDON:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY GEORGE CANTON, MARINE LANE, ST. MARKS.

TALE THE EIGHTH.

ADDRESS

THE

FORCE OF FRIENDSHIP:

OR, THE

TALE OF MULEY-ZEYDAN.

ADDRESSED TO

THEODORE MAURICE, ESQ.

TALE THE EIGHTH

THE

FORCE OF FRIENDSHIP

OF THE

TALE OF MURRAY ZEYDAN

ADDRESSED TO

THEODORE MAURICE, ESQ.

ADDRESS

TO

THEODORE MAURICE, ESQ.

Dorus, the present lay is thine,

The tale to Friendship I consign;

To thee, who well dost comprehend

The zeal and fervour of a friend:

Thou, who hast known my infant Muse,

Since first she could her go-cart use,

This *plaything* candidly receive,

And smile, and censure, and forgive.

How oft doth memory enjoy

The sports, that did our days employ,

When gentle HOTCHKIS * held the rule
 O'er SUTTON's long-renowned school! †
 Some age ago, whose annals shone
 With deathless STEELE and ADDISON:
 And in our days from BLACKSTONE's ‡ name
 Have gather'd dignity and fame.

For many a trick, and many a feat,
 I love the rev'rend bound'ry yet;
 And can, ev'n now, in thought run o'er
 The gambols I enjoy'd before.
 I love it for the lore I gain'd,
 For all that pleas'd, and all that pain'd;
 For tasks of each denomination,
 Theme, verse, night study, and translation:
 Nay, to this hour, when I engage
 With HORACE's or VIRGIL's page,

* Upper-Master of the Charterhouse-School, when the Author was a Student there.

† THOMAS SUTTON, Esq. Founder of the Charterhouse.

‡ The late eminent Judge BLACKSTONE.

Right mindful I my tribute pay
Of gratitude to *Founder's Day*. *

But chief I love the antique walls,
For that each well-known path recalls
The basis of our friendship laid,
Which hath for years stood undecay'd.

What tho' awhile th' Atlantic ran,
With envious course, 'twixt man and man,
No time, no distance could unbind
The sacred league 'twixt mind and mind.

Long may we hail, with honest mirth,
The place which gave our friendship birth,
And, in libation to the school,
When, chatting o'er a social bowl,
Through life, it seemly may become us
To toast *CARTHUSIANA DOMUS*. †

† The 12th of December, set apart as a yearly festival, in honour of the Founder.

* The *Carthusian building*---so called, because it was originally a Convent of Carthusian Monks.

Right minded I my friend, pay it sitting now
Of gratitude to friends, a debt of love
But chief I love the simple, well-ordered
For that each well-ordered path reveals
The basis of our friendship, laid in love
Which bids for years ahead, undimmed
We but these are little things, Atlantic
When any course, we have not
No time, no distance could unbind
The sacred league of mind and mind
Long may we hail, with honest mind, and
The place which gave our friendship birth
And, in libation to the school, has to reveal
When, clashing over a social bowl, we meet
Through life, it seems, may become of you
To toast Carthusian, Down, and reach this

The 17th of December, we spent a really festive, in honor of
the Founder.
The Carthusian kitchen -- is called, because it was originally a
kitchen of Carthusian monks.

THE TALE

OF

MULEY-ZEYDAN.*

HIGH on the rampart MULEY-ZEYDAN stood,
Where the broad main Algiers' strong towers
o'erlook,
Pond'ring awhile with fixed eye the flood,
Then to his son his painful silence broke:

II.

Thou seest, my boy, yon tall and garish fleet,
How proud their streamers flaunt it to the air,

* This Tale is founded on an event in the reign of Louis XIV. of France, during a war, wherein the Algerines refused to exchange prisoners with him.

There Gallic chiefs in warlike councils meet,
And to assail these rugged walls prepare.

III.

What does their master, royal Louis, claim?
Only to set war's wretched captives free,
By cartel to conclude the date of shame,
And give the valiant air and liberty.

IV.

The bloody bus'ness of the battle o'er,
The clarion mute, the falchion thrown aside,
The loss of freedom why should they deplore,
And saucy taunts of servile guards abide?

V.

Why daily pore, with dim, desponding eye,
On the worn flint, or damp-impaired wall,
Or thro' the chink one scanty gleam descry
Of cheering light, which God gave free to all?

VI

"The bloody bus'ness of the battle o'er,"

Each party should accord a full release,
Each captive-mourner to his friends restore,
And with the slaughter bid his sufferings cease.

VII.

Yet this our DEY, severe of soul, denies,

His hands refuse to loose the galling chain ;
But keep th'imprison'd brave to vent their sighs,
Far from their home, unpitied, and in vain.

VIII.

Nay more—his unrelenting heart commands

What reason, manhood, tremble but to hear !
Soon as the Gallic fleet her ports expands,
And with their fatal thunders fills the air,

IX.

Before each cannon, which our tow'rs defends,
A captive Frenchman pinion'd shall be plac'd,

Thence to be *render'd* to their Christian friends,
Or stain with mangled limbs the wat'ry waste.

x.

And must CHOISEUL, the virtuous and the brave,
Enrich'd with ev'ry elegance of mind,
Among the groupe, an undistinguish'd slave,
To such a barb'rous sentence be consign'd?

xi.

CHOISEUL—(who, when I lay, as now doth he,
An helpless captive to the chance of war,
No means to soften my calamity,
From thy dear mother's care removed far),

xii.

CHOISEUL beheld me with compassion's eye,
He hasten'd to relieve a stranger's woes,
To Nature's ev'ry craving dealt supply,
And taught my throbbing heart to feel repose.

XIII.

When sickness bound me to a restless bed,

CHOISEUL's assiduous hand was ever near,

At closing night he bound my aching head,

And watch'd my wakings with a brother's scare.

XIV.

And shall this man of matchless virtue sink

To rancour and barbarity a prey?

No—let me snatch him from destruction's brink,

By supplication to our rigid DEY:

XV.

See, where he stands on yonder turret's height,

To give the signal for his own decree,

And lo! indignant, frowning at his fate,

CHOISEUL first brought for horrid destiny.

XVI.

"Swift let me fly"—before the obdurate chief

Prostrate he plung'd—"O spare him, spare

my friend,

" Regard these tears, this agony of grief,

" And at thy vet'ran's suit his fate suspend !

XVII.

" Have not we been in war together rear'd,

" Ere since our arms a scymitar could wield,

" Then by the toils, the dangers we have

shar'd,

" In watchful councils, and th'ensanguin'd field.

XVIII.

" Kneeling I thus implore thee, grant the life

" Of brave CHOISEUL; call back that dreadful

morn,

" When struggling in the battle's hottest

strife,

" And by the tide of conquest overborne,

XIX.

" Thy fav'rite son was rescued by this hand

" From the gigantic Moor's descending sword;

" Didst thou not then, to whatsoe'er demand

" I might exact, accord thy plighted word? "

XX.

" Ne'er did I vail me of that service done,

" Ne'er, ne'er, till now, for retribution bend;

" Then do not pause, but grant thy warrior's boon,

" Regard thy plighted word, and save my
friend."

XXI.

Fierce from the swelling eye-ball of the DEY

Shot forth indignant sparks of hottest ire,

As 'twixt the clouds red meteors force their way,

And fill the firmament with gleams of fire.

XXII.

" Is it *too much* to grant this *pious* grace? "

" One only boon is left me then to ask;

" Bind, bind *me* to him in a close embrace,

" And bid the cannoneer perform his task.

“ See, at the fatal point my friend they place,

“ Best of the good, the bravest of the brave !

“ Thus, thus, I clasp him in this last embrace,

“ And perish with the man I could not save.”

The DEY abhors to give the cruel sign,

Down to the platform rushing he descends,

Mild drops of mercy on his visage shine,

As with amazement he surveys the friends.

“ What sense is this,” the alter’d man exclaims,

“ What warmth, unfelt till now, pervades my
heart ?

“ The wondrous ardour which your souls in-
flames,

“ To me its sudden influence doth impart.

XXVI.

“Untwine that churlish misbeseeming cord !
“Live for each other ! long and happy live !
“The mutual transport, which I thus afford,
“Not to *my promiss*, but *thy worth* I give.

XXVII.

“Ye Gallic chiefs, take ransomeless the rest,
“Bid your bold prowls exulting cleave the
 wave,
“The FORCE OF FRIENDSHIP this barbarian breast
“Hath taught to *feel*, to *pity*, and to *save*.”

“Living-thing-which-never-dies
“Live-for-each-other-long-and-happy-live!
“The-mortal-transport-which-I-then-allow
“Not-to-be-giving-but-to-give”

“Ye-Gaile-chiefs-take-remember-the-thing
“Did-you-both-grow-creating-leave-the
“ways-again-when-you-were-in-peace-land
“The-Force-of-Friendship-the-peace-land-peace
“Hath-taught-to-be-to-peace-and-to-peace”

“The-Force-of-Friendship-the-peace-land-peace
“Hath-taught-to-be-to-peace-and-to-peace”
“The-Force-of-Friendship-the-peace-land-peace
“Hath-taught-to-be-to-peace-and-to-peace”
“The-Force-of-Friendship-the-peace-land-peace
“Hath-taught-to-be-to-peace-and-to-peace”

TALE THE NINTH.

INTRODUCTION.

MUTUAL SELF-REPROOF:

OR, THE

TALE OF CADWAL.

IN TWO PARTS.

The candid mind, by acknowledging and discarding its faults, has reason and truth for the foundation of all its passions and desires, and consequently is happy.

SPECTATOR.

TALE THE NINTH.

MUTUAL SELF-REPROOF

2 HT, 50

TALE OF CAPTAIN

THE END

The exhibit must be reviewed and discussed in detail, and
 record and report for the formation of all the positions and details, and
 opportunity is given.

INTRODUCTION.

WHAT!—shall the Muse, in labour'd rhymes,
Retrace events of former times,
And shall no duteous verse attend
On *him* who was my *earliest friend*?
Forbid it ev'ry feeling good,
Obedience, love, and gratitude!

Remembrance bears his image strong
And perfect, as when life was young;
His image rough, his mien austere,
His heart kind, tender, and sincere;
Ev'n now he seems to meet my sight,
And fancy trembles with delight.

Oft, when at eve I trace the glade,
 My mind pourtrays him in the shade,
 And oft benignant smiles he beams,
 Presiding o'er my midnight dreams.

Still, SIRE BELOV'D, my fancy fill,
 Exert thine influence o'er me still,
 Still through my soul thy virtues stream, **W**
 And mingle with life's latest dream, **R**
 Till, wing'd for yon ætherial plain, **A**
 I seek thy lov'd embrace again. **O**

Forbid it every feeling good,

Obedience, love, and gratitude!

Remembrance bears his image strong

And perfect, as when life was young;

His image rough, his mien austere,

His heart kind, tender, and sincere;

Ev'n now he seems to meet my sight,

And fancy trembles with delight.

Where in his thatch-bedrifter'd cot

His ready mind **THE TALE** When eighteen

He left his rustic home;

OF

(Sore-smote with grief) in distant ground;

And strange, **CADWAL**, Such terror

Twelve winters had his exile spent

PART I.

Again to clasp his father's knees, and pray

DARK December was the month, and home

The air was dank and chill,

When CADWAL's weary foot had reach'd

The summit of the hill;

Beneath whose ample verge he went

To labour at the plough,

And, to relieve his father's age,

Bedew his infant brow.

III.

When eighteen years had o'er him pass'd,
 He left his rustic home,
 (Sore-smote with grief) in distant grounds,
 And stranger-fields to roam.

IV.

Twelve winters had his exile seen,
 When lo! his bosom burns
 Again to clasp his father's knees,
 And homeward he returns.

V.

And now descending to the vale,
 With slow and trembling feet,
 Re-viewing this, his native soil,
 The pulses flutt'ring beat.

VI.

And now with penetrating eye,
 He pierces the close dell,

Where in his thatch-beshelter'd cot

His Sire did whilom dwell.

VII.

Yet in his sad and troubled look,

Such terror might ye see,

As when we almost wish to shun

The thing, we wish should be.

VIII.

He pryed here, he pryed there,

No cottage could he spy,

Nor smallest trace of human tread

Appeared to his eye.

IX.

No monarch of the feather'd brood

Was heard aloud to crow,

Nor laboured ox the vocal air

Awaken with his low.

In strange amazement and suspense
 Awhile benumb'd he stood,
 Then fell, despairing on the earth,
 And wept, and wail'd aloud.
 His piercing cries an hermit drew
 Forth from his lonely cell,
 Whose pliant sense was quick to feel
 Affliction's poignant yell.
 Compassion held him mute at first,
 While as he ponder'd him
 With fixed eye, where nature's floods
 Up-swelled to the brim.
 Then thus—"My son, your plaints I heard,
 "They smote me to the heart,

" To me, without reserve or fear,

" The weighty cause impart.

XIV.

" Deep-vers'd in sorrow's plaintive task

" Full many a weary hour,

" Right well I know what aggravates,

" And what abates its pow'r.

XV.

" Close-pent within restraining bounds,

" The river foams and roars,

" Tumultuous boils with mighty heaves,

" And wounds its kindred shores,

XVI.

" The load remov'd, that choak'd its course,

" The violence subsides,

" The tumult lessens by degrees,

" And smooth the current glides.

XVII.

“ Give, then, the struggling griefs to flow,
 “ Which thy clogg’d heart oppress,
 “ Each word will take a part away,
 “ And make the burthen less.”

XVIII.

“ Old CADWAL here distraught I seek,
 “ Here CADWAL dwelt of yore,
 “ Here, here, his quiet cottage rose,
 “ But now is here no more.”

XIX.

“ Old CADWAL seek’st thou? Hapless man!
 “ New torments must thou have—
 “ Beneath this venerable elm,
 “ Behold the rustic’s grave!”

XX.

“ Oh! wretch accurs’d I was the cause,
 “ I left him of his breath,

‘ I robb’d these fields of CADWAL’s worth,

‘ I brought him to his death.

XXI.

‘ Was he not to his various kin,

‘ (Unworthy I alone!)

‘ Was he not guardian, comforter,

‘ Friend, father, all in one?

XXII.

‘ What honest hind, that near him toil’d,

‘ But of his store partook?

‘ Was he not to the needy swain,

‘ As to the mead the brook?

XXIII.

‘ Did he not deal to all around

‘ His smile as well as care?

‘ Not ev’n the sparrow of the hedge,

‘ But in his love had share.

XXIV.

" And, wretch accurs'd ! I was the cause,
 " I 'reft him of his breath,
 " I robb'd these fields of CADWAL'S worth,
 " I brought him to his death."

XXV.

" Too rigidly, perchance, my son,
 " Thyself thou dost accuse,
 " And heapest on thy burthen'd heart
 " Unnecessary woes.

XXVI.

" Ah ! how severe the punishment,
 " When we ourselves arraign !
 " And hatred oft, and malice 'self,
 " Inflict a milder pain.

XXVII.

" Less harshly censure thy offence,
 " (Some youthful warmth, I ween !)

" And give it to mine ear in terms

" Soft, candid, and serene.

xxviii.

" Here on this bank repose awhile,

" And bid these tumults cease ;

" With thine I'll mix my social tears,

" And sooth returning peace."

xxix.

" Ah, father ! this thine holy love

" Embitters what I feel ;

" Unwittingly thou add'st a sting

" To sorrows thou would'st heal.

xxx.

" Here on this bank, what precious hours

" I've known in days of youth,

" List'ning the precepts that he gave

" Of wisdom and of truth !

XXXI.

‘ Here in the sweetly-tranquil eve,
 ‘ (Day’s rugged labour done)
 ‘ He’d tell how good and glorious men
 ‘ Life’s arduous race had run.

XXXII.

‘ What tides of blood had wash’d these lands,
 ‘ Which we in peace had till’d,
 ‘ And how the faithful rustic once
 ‘ Great ALFRED here conceal’d.

XXXIII.

‘ But, oh! my grief-bewilder’d mind
 ‘ From reason wanders far,
 ‘ And with vague fancies idly mocks
 ‘ Thy kind, thy pious care.’

XXXIV.

“ Heed not, my son—use any means
 “ That may assuage thy pain;

" It is the privilege of woe

" At random to complain.

xxxv.

" And who of patient sympathy

" The lib'ral largess scant,

" With-hold a bounty, great I ween

" As Wealth can show'r on Want.

"It is the physics of woe

"At random to complain, as well as rest."

"(Day's progress, page 100.)"

"And who of patient sympathy will hold

"The list of his great-souled, noble, and

"With hold a boundless great I want

"What list of his great-souled, noble, and

"And who of patient sympathy will hold

"The list of his great-souled, noble, and

"But, oh, my great-souled, noble, and

"From your great-souled, noble, and

"And who of patient sympathy will hold

"The list of his great-souled, noble, and

"But, oh, my great-souled, noble, and

"From your great-souled, noble, and

THE TALE OF CADWALLO
326

And oh! so sweetly she comforted me
To all I wish'd or said,
You would have sworn our hearts
Were for ever true and true.

PART II.

And was it not true,
Was it a crime to love
Or in my arms to dwell,
To be my own and true?

I.

‘OLD CADWAL here distraught I seek—

‘ Ah me! this wayward heart!

‘ That dar’d oppose a father’s pow’r,

‘ That dar’d his counsel thwart!

II.

‘ But EMMA’s charms had won my love,

‘ And made it all her own;

‘ I sought not copious flocks and meads,

‘ I sought Content alone.

III.

‘ And oh ! so sweetly she conform’d
‘ To all I wish’d or said,
‘ You would have sworn our hearts, as twins,
‘ Were for each other made.

IV.

‘ And was it, holy father, say,
‘ Was it a crime to love,
‘ Or to my early-plighted vows
‘ Unchang’d and steady prove ?

V.

‘ MATILDA’s lofty friends in store
‘ Of riches did abound,
‘ And ample sheaves enrich’d their meads,
‘ And orchards rose around ;

VI.

‘ And those possessions, ev’ry hour,
‘ Were pour’d into mine ear,

' To count them o'er my father made

' His morn and ev'ning care.

VII.

' Sure, if he any failing had,

' 'Twas too fond love for me,

' Hence sprang the wish that of her fields

' I should the master be:

VIII.

' And as he wish'd, and as he bade,

' O! that I could have done!

' But EMMA's charms had won my love,

' And made it all her own.

IX.

' Say, father, ought I in the church

' Have join'd MATILDA's hand,

' When love and truth, that should attend,

' Were not at my command?

X.

x.
 ' Her spacious granaries—to me

' They no allurement were ;

' My EMMA's low-roof'd dairy-hut

' To me was dearer far.

xi.
 ' Why after large possessions seek ?

' My father knew no want ;

' Of copious tributes from the field

' His barns were nothing scant.

xii.
 ' But 'twas his will !—and oh ! that I

' That will could have obey'd,

' Without the guilt of broken vows,

' Or EMMA's peace betray'd !

xiii.
 ' Now that my frowardness of heart

' Hath brought him to his end,

‘ For this beside yon hallow’d sod

‘ In duteous wise I’ll bend :

XIV.

‘ For this, will daily wet the turf

‘ With my repentant eye,

‘ Nor ever from this solitude

‘ To fairer refuge fly.’

XV.

“ Son,” quoth the sage, and cast a look

As chill’d the youth all o’er ;

(While minutes past, ere vital warmth

His senses did restore)—

XVI.

“ Son,” quoth the sage, “ thy doubts suspend,

“ Their swelling tumults check,

“ It is thy father clasps thee thus,

“ And weeps upon thy neck.

XVII.

" Long have I held thee in discourse ;

" With pent-up agony ;

" Now let my gushing tears have way,

" They're blessings shower'd on thee.

XVIII.

" Charm'd with thy duteous excellence,

" Thy strength of filial love,

" My full forgiveness let these streams

" And warm embraces prove !

XIX.

" And oh ! can'st thou forgive the cause

" That drove thee from thy home,

" Sore-smote with grief, in distant grounds,

" And stranger-fields to roam ?"

XX.

" Can I forgive ?—Oh ! father, such

" Unseemly terms restrain ;

‘ Can I forgive?—It is enough,

‘ I see thee once again.

XXI.

‘ But said’st thou not, beneath yon elm—

“ My dearest son, I did ;

“ There have I mark’d my chosen spot,

“ There made my latest bed.

XXII.

“ Of thee bereft, what bootéd it,

“ To tend the furrow’d plain,

“ Or what from Autumn’s fruitful lap

“ To heap the ripen’d grain ?

XXIII.

“ Whom had I then to cheer my steps

“ In Summer’s sultry rays ?

“ For whom should then the social hearth

“ In winter-ev’ning blaze ?

XXIV.

" My house, my barns, I left at large

" To moulder and decay ;

" Yon humble tenement I rais'd,

" My age's only stay.

XXV.

" Enough for me, who meant forlorn

" To pass life's dragging eve,

" My task, to meditate and pray—

" My punishment, to grieve.

XXVI.

" For oh ! my son ! too late I felt

" This truth within my heart,

" That to compel the filial mind

" Is not a parent's part.

XXVII.

" And hence this penitential garb,

" And hence these silver hairs,

" Whose hoary length the sad recluse

" Or pensive hermit wears.

xxxviii.

" Dear, honour'd father, droop no more,

" Thus, on my bended knee,

" I crave, I claim—renounce thy griefs,

" Cast, cast them all on me.

xxxix.

" With unremitting love and care

" Thy sorrows I'll assuage,

" And with obsequious duty tend

" The remnant of thy age.

xxx.

" Arise, my son, and to my cell

" Together let us wend,

" Let us beneath one roof embrace,

" Ere yet my days shall end.

“ And shall the thought of EMMA’s love ”

“ No more suffuse thine eye,

“ Nor chide thy father for her loss ? ” —

“ She’s buried in this sigh ! ”

“ What wondrous bliss to virtuous minds ”

“ Will Heav’n not deign to lend ?

“ Within my homely hut, my son,

“ There all thy sorrows end.

“ There, there, still sweetly-fair, once more ”

“ Thy EMMA shalt thou see,

“ Within my homely hut she dwells,

“ My age’s comfort she —

“ Her father dead, I fill’d his place,

“ The guardian of her youth,

"I now restore her to thy love,

"Thy wishes, and thy truth."

xxxv

Young CADWAL waited not for more,

But to his EMMA flew,

Where lock'd awhile in close embrace,

Each to the other grew.

xxxvi

From incoherent words and sighs

Such wondrous transports brake,

Far more than honey'd Eloquence

With all her tongues could speak.

xxxvii

And now with strong enquiring look

They search each other's eye,

To ask if what they see be true,

And doubt the real joy.

XXXVIII

Anon the father's quick'ning steps

They greet with bended grace,

And with uplifted eyes adore,

And bless his rev'rend face.

XXXIX

"Now, by this hallow'd Eve I vow,

"Soon as the mass be done,

"The next ensuing holy-day

"The priest shall make ye one.

XL

"And ye shall live (so Heav'n permit!)

"To cast one gleam of light

"Athwart your father's gath'ring eve,

"Or ere he sink in night;

* Probably *Christmas-Eve*, as *December* is the month mentioned in the opening of the Tale.

XII.

"Or ere beneath yon aged elm

"He's number'd with the dead,

"The chosen spot, where his own hands

"Have made his latest bed.

XLII.

"But while some hours of life are lent,

"By gratitude and pray'r,

"Repentant of my errors past,

"Those errors I'll repair:

XLIII.

"And oft as I recount them o'er,

"Thy steady faith I'll praise,

"And for my dearest boy once more

"The social hearth shall blaze.

XLIV.

"Age, ev'n as youth, thou seest, my son,

"Is liable to fall,

“ And Self-reproof and Penitence

“ Alike beseem us all.” * *may be added*

* This Tale of CADWAL, having been, through mistake, forgotten to be mentioned in the Preface, it is proper to do it now. It was printed many years ago, in a Collection of Letters; but was read by so few, at that time, that the Author has been induced to make it part of this Publication.

TALE THE TENTH.

RETRIBUTION:

OR, THE

TALE OF DURAND.

Blessed is he who considereth the Poor and Needy. PSALMS

And Self-reproof and Penitence

Like those in all

TALE THE TENTH

RETRIBUTION

OF THE

TALE OF DURAND

Heard is he who considers the Poor and Needy. *Exodus*

ADDRESS

TO

MRS. B———.

CHARLOTTE, to thee, whose gentle breast
Of innate goodness is possest,
To thee a friendly Muse appeals
For truth of what her Tale reveals.

From *Gallia's* once delightful shore
Thy Sire * the sacred *symbol* bore,
And oft exulted to expand,
The test of an Almighty hand,

* The late John Rich, Esq. Patentee of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

The wondrous test of bounty giv'n
To humble worth by fav'ring Heav'n.
Thy Sire! the well-remember'd name
Lays on the Muse a sacred claim
To speak his fascinating pow'r,
Who wak'd to glee the scenic hour;
The private walk of life endear'd,
And many an aching bosom cheer'd;
Who liv'd applauded and approv'd,
And died regretted and belov'd.
This thy dear parent's well-earn'd praise
Deserves the mead of richer lays.

Here might the Muse with volant quill
From COWLEY * pass to sweet *Rose-Hill*, †
With Mem'ry take a random flight,
Whirl'd in delirium of delight;

* COWLEY, near Uxbridge, the seat of the late Mr. Rich.

† Rose Hill, at Hampton, in Middlesex, the name of Mr. BEARD'S Villa.

Dwell on the name of JOHNNY BEARD,
 The friend, who ev'ry spot endear'd;
 Recording the familiar chat,
 Oft "here he stray'd," and "there he sate;"
 Or, all beneath yon aged oak,
 He twirl'd the pun, or coin'd the joke;
 Or lengthen'd out the ev'ning walk
 On subjects grave, in moral talk;
 Or cheerly wak'd the rosy morn
 With chaunting clear his *early born*.

Of more exalted worth the Muse would speak,
 But needless were the task, and words too weak,
 For his innate benevolence of soul,
 Fond to dispense the *charitable dole*,
 That energy, wherewith he sought the haunt
 Of crippled age, of malady, or want, *

* Mr. BEARD might, with great propriety and truth, have adopted the phrase, (which that ingenious writer, Mr. CUMBERLAND, has put into the mouth of *Sbeva*, in his *Comedy of the Jew*) "I do not *talk* of charity, I *feel* it."

And all the virtues which the Muse could find
Lodg'd in the casket of his *consort's* mind,
(Which scarce a Mason's pen could amply
grace)
Will be recorded in a *better place*.

THE TALE

OF

DURAND.

WITHIN the placid *Isle of France*, *
Scene once of taste and elegance,
(When *Paris*, from her regal bound,
Gave fashions to a world around)
DURAND resided, frugal swain,
And cultur'd his paternal plain ;
With daily care he dress'd the land,
And earn'd his food from Nature's hand.

* The *Isle of France* is that peculiar Province wherein the city of *Paris* stands, and obtained the name of an *Island* from its situation, which lies between the rivers *Seine*, *Marne*, *Oise*, and *Aisne*. The soil is in general remarkably fertile.

Contented with his humble state,
He envy'd not the rich or great.

Each morn he rose, with decent pride
His comfortable roof he eyed,

The garden's growth survey'd with care,
Admir'd each useful product there;

Now trac'd, with an enamour'd look,
The sweetly-winding, limpid brook;

Mark'd where his fertile meads extended,

By woods from eastern blasts defended;

Then on his grateful knees would fall,

And thank the bounteous LORD OF ALL.

In his plain heart much room had he
For well-plac'd liberality;

Bounteous, not lavish of his pelf,

He lov'd his neighbour as himself;

But at distress or hunger's call,

He shew'd himself a friend to all.

With daily toil his ground he till'd,
 With constant care each season fill'd;
 From his own hand each eve he fed
 The labour'd ox, and weary steed,
 And with endearing touch, approv'd
 The labours of the beast he lov'd.
 JEAN shar'd the drudg'ry of the field,
 MANON domestic duties fill'd,
 Dear children of a dearer wife!
 The gentle sweetners of his life.

To Matins and to Vespers true,
 They paid their Maker homage due;
 On Sabbath-days, with fervent mind,
 The public worship constant join'd,
 And, in the ev'ning sports, were seen
 To join the dance upon the green.

Such was the custom, such the lore,
 Parisians us'd in days of yore:

But decent pastimes now are done ;
Rule, order, nay, religion gone ;
The very name of Sabbath flown,
And *Decads* count their time alone.

But I digress—the good DURAND,
Rich in the tribute of his land,
(As all the neighb'ring farmers were,
Who dwell'd within that Province fair)
With honest pride rejoic'd to see
The produce of his industry.

One year (unwonted in that Isle)
Incessant rains oppress'd the soil,
The seed ev'n perish'd in its birth,
And Nature own'd a general dearth.

AVARE, with wealth and pride o'ergrown,
Who knew no interest but his own,
Who never sought the dreary shed,
Where Want reclin'd his aching head,

Who could rebuke, with ruthless low'r,
The famish'd stranger from his door,
Beheld the dearth with joyous look,
And thus the neighb'ring swains bespoke:

“ Now is the time for us, my friends,
“ To use our stores for wisest ends;
“ 'Tis our's the price to regulate,
“ And fix it at the highest rate.
“ Fools only such occasions lose,
“ And Fortune's proffer'd means abuse;
“ The thrifty are the truly wise,
“ Who watch each change with wary eyes,
“ Each distant means of gain discern,
And to their own advantage turn.”

DURAND heard all, but homeward sped
With musing gait, and downcast head,
And at the closing hour of rest,
The great Creator thus address'd:

“ Father of All, who know’st my heart,
“ Search, and correct each sinful part !
“ Ne’er may illegal thirst of gain,
“ Or sordid craft my bosom stain !
“ If e’er accumulated store
“ Make me ’gainst Mis’ry close my door,
“ For worthier beings, oh ! reserve
“ The blessings I should ill deserve !
“ Of means to succour while possess’d,
“ If rigour steel my callous breast,
“ Let me the want I slight endure,
“ And make me poorest of the poor !
“ But now, while scarcity prevails,
“ And Nature’s wonted bounty falls,
“ Ought I from treasur’d hoards refuse
“ A mod’rate share for general use,
“ Or added profit dare to grind
“ From the afflictions of mankind ?

“ No—what thy bounty heap’d on me,

“ To others I’ll distribute free ;

“ And if I act as I profess,

“ May’st thou the resolution bless !”

He spoke, and felt the dew of sleep

In soft repose his senses steep,

In blissful dreams he pass’d the night,

And cheerly hail’d returning light ;

But cold and dreary look’d the ground,

A melancholy blank around :

Instead of Autumn’s golden grain,

A barren Winter seem’d to reign.

DURAND beheld his neighbour-band

For small supplies make high demand,

Yet sanctimoniously he kept

The promise plighted ere he slept ;

With scorn the profit he declin’d

Wrung “ from the affliction of mankind.”

At easy rates his grain he shar'd,
 Nay, something to the needy spar'd ;
 Thus, in relieving others bless'd,
 Smil'd, and enjoy'd unbroken rest.

But mark what miracles appear
 To signalize th' ensuing year !
 Let not the doubting, or the bold,
 Deride the wonders I unfold,
 For lips, that never knew deceit,
 To me the story did repeat,
 And made each heart with pleasure thrill,
 In sweet discoursings, at *Rose-Hill*.

Th' ensuing Autumn saw the ground
 In grain of ev'ry kind abound ;
 Each husbandman, with joy, beheld
 The swelling product of his field ;
 But chief DURAND—before whose view
 (Scarce crediting the vision true)

Each rising stem was seen to bear,
Replete with grain, a TRIPLE ear.*
And none, save *his* prolific field,
So plenteous a display did yield.

The marvel quickly gather'd fame,
From distant quarters numbers came:
All gaz'd with wonder; some with spite;
Some with extravagant delight;
Tend'ring a gratulating hand
To the lov'd owner of the land.

DURAND, the merciful and good,
In silence breath'd his gratitude;—
AVARE, who mingled in the crowd,
Astounded stood;—then thus aloud:
“Oft have I dar'd, in accents rude,
“Deny th' existence of a God;

* This was the symbol alluded to in the Address. Mr. RICH was not only an eye witness to this wonderful production in its state of vegetation, but likewise brought several of them to England, and shewed them to all his visitors.

" Too oft absurdly dar'd advance
 " That *all is the effect of Cbance*;
 " But wonders, such as *here* are shewn,
 " Must spring from *Pow'r Divine* alone:

* This was the symbol alluded to in the Address. Mr. H. was not
 only an eye witness to this wonderful production in its state of organi-
 zation, but likewise brought several of them to England, and showed
 them to all his followers.

TALE THE ELEVENTH.

THE TEST OF LOVE:

OR,

THE TALE

OF

EDWARD AND ORRA.

THE ELEVENTH

THE TEST OF LOVE

THE TALE

EDWARD AND ORRA

ADDRESS

TO

W. WILBERFORCE, ESQ., M. P.

To thee, much-bonour'd WILBERFORCE,

A stranger-Muse her tribute pays,

And aims thy merits to record

In weak, but well-directed praise.

To thee, of right, the Tale belongs,

Whose pitying heart partakes the pain

Of wretches, who, in distant lands,

Are gall'd with Slav'ry's rankling chain.

III.

On thy persuasive choice of words,
 And the mild accents of thy tongue,
 With mute attention and delight
 Oft hath a British Senate hung.

IV.

To pity woes which we have felt,
 A *partial* virtue only proves,
 And he who serves a friend distress'd,
 But mitigates the heart he loves;

But who compassionates the fate
 Of sufferers, whom he ne'er hath known;
 This *universal* love displays,

This, WILBERFORCE, is all thine own.

VI.

Oh! had I but the pow'r of verse,
 Might with a MASON's talents vie,

Thy firm, disinterested zeal,

Oh! MISERY'S FRIEND, should never die!

Thy favours, Nature, goddess-dear!

Are not to place or sphere confin'd,

To shape, complexion, or degree;

They're dealt, at large, among mankind.

Whate'er in station, title, dress,

Bright and respectable we find,

Nature the brilliant polish gives,

That graces and exalts the mind.

Count, by birth decreed to share

The servile labours of the field,

Thy firm, disinterested zeal,
 Oh! Massey's Friend, should never die!
 And the mild accents of thy tongue

With hush attend and delight
 Oft hath a British Senate hung

To pity-woes which we have felt,
 A partial virtue duly moves,
 And he who serves a friend distress'd,
 But mitigates the heart he loves;

But who compassionates the fate
 Of sufferers, whom he ne'er hath known;
 This universal love displays,
 This, Wilkes, is all that's own.

Oh! had I but the power of verse,
 Might with a Massey's talents vie,

INTRODUCTION.

THY favours, Nature, goddess dear!

Are not to place or sphere confin'd,

To shape, complexion, or degree;

They're dealt, at large, among mankind.

Whate'er in station, title, dress,

Bright and respectable we find,

Nature the brilliant polish gives,

That graces and exalts the mind.

COLIN, by birth decreed to share

The servile labours of the field,

Or watch, beneath the milker's hand,

His herds their steaming fullness yield :

IV.

When by his few selected friends

Encircled, at his homely board,

Display'd an elegance of mind

That might have grac'd the proudest lord.

V.

COLIN had gracious been, and mild,

Tho' born o'er Tartars rude to reign ;

And GEORGE been pious, great, and good,

Tho' born an humble village swain ;

VI.

The attributes to regal sway

A cold obedience may invite,

But 'tis the goodness of his heart

That to obedience adds delight.

VII.

VIL.

Natives of *Europe*, wherefore boast

The fair complexion of a skin,

'Tis not how climates act without,

But, how great Nature works within :

VIII.

The beauteous tint which she displays

Engages Wisdom's sober eye,

Beyond the fairest outward form,

That blooms beneath our milder sky.

IX.

Nay, Love itself hath shone as bright,

As pure, as tender, and as true,

Beneath an *Afric's* sable breast,

As ever *British* bosom knew.

X.

How hearts of *Moorish* climes have lov'd,

How long, how constant, and how well,

Let EDWARD's and his ORRA's Tale

In plain and simple numbers tell.

The fair complexion of a skin
 'Tis not how climates and seasons
 But, how great Nature works within;
 The precious ring which she displays in gold
 Engages Wisdom's sober eye
 Beyond the latest outward form and show
 That blooms beneath our ruder sky
 Nay, Love itself hath shone as bright
 As pure, as tender, and as true,
 Beneath an African's sable breast,
 As ever British bosom knew
 How hearts of African climes have lov'd
 How long, how constant, and how well.

THE TALE
OF
EDWARD AND ORRA.*

PART I.

I.

WITHIN *Angola's* regal bounds,
On *Afric's* wild and sultry waste,
Were JUBA and his ORRA born,
And life's brief morn together pass'd.

II.

Yet on that drear uncultur'd soil,
Nature their tender minds impress'd

* All the principal events, whereon this Tale is founded, occurred in a private family in the City of London, and that so recently as about the middle of the present century.

With early sense of right and wrong,
And pour'd her softness o'er each breast.

III.

Or ere ten years had crown'd their youth,
From kin and country were they torn,
For sordid ore to slav'ry sold,
To strange and different climates borne.

IV

Mates in their infant sports, they griev'd
When sunder'd from each other's side,
And with their tears a farewell took,
As either vessel cut the tide.

V.

She, by the master of her fate,
Was landed on *Barbadoes*' Isle,
There to a wealthy merchant sold,
'Mid groups of fellow-slaves to toil.

And many a heavy hour she pass'd, T

As o'er her painful task she hung,

And sometimes thought of JUBA lost,

And now she wept, and now she sung.

VII.

The music of her plaintive voice

Attracted ev'ry list'ning ear,

And her demeanour, meek and kind,

To each good heart made ORRA dear.

VIII.

But chief her younger mistress' breast

Her ditties wild to pity mov'd,

As through the circuit of the grounds

The gentle ANNA daily rov'd.

IX.

Some three years more advanc'd in age,

Oft would the *British Maiden* stray

Where patient ORRA ply'd her task,
To listen to her artless lay.

X.

At her request, the *tender Moor*
Was from the field of labour led,
From scorching suns, and rulers harsh,
And to domestic duties bred.

XI.

Here, all she was prescrib'd to learn
With docile cheerfulness attain'd,
Unconscious of her own desert,
She daily praise and favour gain'd.

XII.

And when her ev'ning task was o'er,
Oft-times would ANNA soothe her forth
To wander in the cedar grove,
And learn the story of her birth.

As oft in tears would ORRA tell,
Of parents to her heart scarce known,
Who sent her into stranger lands,
Unbless'd, unfriended, and alone.

XIV.

Hence an attachment mutual grew,
Nor could a sister's love be more,
Than ANNA's susceptible heart
To poor deserted ORRA bore.

XV.

Here ORRA found a better home
For many a rising happy year,
Dear to the equals of her state,
Nor less to her superiors dear :

XVI.

And here fidelity and love
Attach'd and lengthen'd ORRA's stay,

Until with mingled smiles and tears,

She witness'd ANNA's bridal day.

Of parents to her heart scarce known.

Who sent her into stranger lands, and left her

Unless maintained, and alone, to live.

From her dear friends, and from her home.

Hence an attachment mutual grew, and

Not could a sister's love be more.

Than ANNA's susceptible heart.

To poor deserted ORRA bore.

Unconscious of her fate.

Here ORRA found a better home.

For many a rising happy year.

Dear to the equals of her state.

Not less to her superiors dear.

Every labour and expense of

And here fidelity and love

Attach'd and lengthen'd ORRA's stay.

PART II.

I.

MEANTIME the ship, which JUBA bore,
To mild *Virginia's* harbour sail'd,
There a new master JUBA own'd,
Whose desp'rate schemes in traffic fail'd;

II.

Whether 'twere ign'rance, or neglect,
Or dissipation thinn'd his gold,
But all his hopes were scatter'd wide,
Slaves, lands, and buildings, all were sold.

III.

When, for integrity renown'd,
And sense above his servile sphere,

JUBA (so Fate ordain'd) allur'd
The notice of the British Peer,

IV.

Who then by equitable laws
Virginia's rich plantation sway'd,
And in his lord's esteem and love
A daily progress JUBA made;

V.

For in all knowledge, that became
His station, an adept he grew,
True to the talents Nature lent,
And to his master's interest true.

VI.

Approv'd, instructed, and belov'd,
An easy servitude he wore;
And by his lord was still retain'd
When home recall'd to *Britain's* shore.

VII.

The Peer, right noble by descent,

But nobler in a gen'rous mind,

Lamenting that a virtuous heart

Should be in slavish bonds confin'd;

VIII.

When settled in his native land,

His faithful JUBA thus address'd,

(Who in his master's cital kneel'd,

With sore dismay, and doubt oppress'd:)

IX.

" Rise, faithful man ! no longer sigh

" Beneath base Slav'ry's grievous thrall;

" Here, in this happy land, enjoy

" That dow'r, our laws afford to all.

X.

" Henceforth, be free ! Religion's hand

" Shall seal thee with a mark divine—

"That done, thine own assenting will,

"And that alone, can make thee mine."

He led him to the *sacred font*,

With new-enkindled hopes inflam'd,

The holy rituals were perform'd,

And JUBA now is EDWARD nam'd.

With pride he to his Lord's abode

Return'd, and, with redoubled zeal,

He strove by actions to express

What words were powerless to reveal.

Of he essay'd in vain to speak

The love and duty of his breast,

As oft convulsive sobs and tears,

With swelling throes, his voice suppress'd.

XIV.

His *Lord* the painful strugglings felt,
 Fraught with intelligence refin'd,
 With smile complacent sooth'd his pain,
 And in his silence read his mind.

XV.

First fav'rite in his master's train,
 Some years in comfort EDWARD liv'd;
 Nor felt a pain, but when his heart
 For ORRA's dubious fortune griev'd.

XVI.

Nor did good EDWARD e'er forget
 He wore a *Christian's* sacred sign,
 But duly sought the *House of Pray'r*,
 And worshipp'd at the *Holy Shrine*.

His gentle words and kind rebuke

His love the painful struggle felt, and

Brought with intelligence rebuk'd,

With smile complacent seem'd to say

And in his silence read his mind,

His words were like a gentle rain

First in the heart's truest and

Some years in comfort Edward liv'd;

Not less a pain than when his heart

For Orkney's dubious fortune

Good news had brought to him

Nor did good news and joy

He wore a Christian's sacred sign,

But only sought the bliss of heaven

And worship'd at the Lord's table

And thus he lived and died

His words and deeds were like a

And thus he lived and died

PART III.**I.**

TIME, that unravels every doubt,
 Time, that allays the keenest smart,
 That wondrous mysteries unfolds,
 To vex, or please the human heart,

II.

At this blest **prime of EDWARD's youth,**
 Wrought forth a singular event,
 A sweet return for **EDWARD's worth,**
 As by his better angel sent ;

III.

For now unwieldy grown in **wealth,**
 Fair **ANNA's** parents strongly yearn

To barter their *Barbadian* lands,
And to their native clime return.

IV.

The lands are sold at mighty price,
And now for *England* they prepare,
With ORRA in their train, to lend

The infant family her care.

Four daughters now her mistress own'd,
Whom ORRA's fond attention rear'd;
But none to ORRA's tender heart

Like lovely ANNA was endear'd.

Arriv'd in safety, they select

A dwelling fit for upstart pride;

Hence, in contiguous mansions plac'd,

EDWARD and ORRA now reside.

When bliss to worthy hearts is dealt,

Some call it *Fortune's* casual dow'r ;

Forgive the Muse, if she ascribes

Such bliss to a *superior* Pow'r.

VIII.

EDWARD, at sound of ORRA's name,

Yearns to engage in converse sweet,

When soon, comparing past events,

Their hearts with mutual rapture beat.

IX.

Their infant moments they recount,

Their separation on the main,

And EDWARD pours a show'r of tears

On his dear *play-mate* found again.

X.

No wonder such an early bent

Should to maturer passion rise,

They felt alike the kindling flame,
And read it in each other's eyes.

xi.

They plighted love; they plighted troth;

He vow'd to live for her alone,

And, soon as fit occasion serv'd,

Connubial rites should make them one.

xii.

But 'midst these secret hours of bliss

A sudden grief smote EDWARD'S heart,

His Lord a rapid fever seiz'd,

That baffled medicinal art.

xiii.

Retir'd to taste his villa's sweets,

A blast of noxious ev'ning wind

Convey'd a poison to his veins,

And wrought insanity of mind.

Should to maturer passion rise

XIV.

Swift to the villa EDWARD flew,
 He left awhile his ORRA dear,
 Strong gratitude impell'd his heart
 To make his *Lord* his only care.

XV.

And she with patient smile approv'd,
 And yielded to the sacred claim,
 Which bounty lays on gen'rous minds,
 For ORRA's bosom felt the same.

XVI.

O! could it be, that in the hours
 To pious offices assign'd,
 When EDWARD, with unceasing care,
 And with a sore-afflicted mind,

XVII.

Watch'd ev'ry breath his master drew,
 Felt ev'ry groan that smote his ear,

And for returning sense and health

Made ev'ry thought a fervent pray'r ?

XVIII.

In such a season could it be,

That ANNA's cruel *parents* strove,

By sordid treach'ry, to divide

Poor ORRA from her EDWARD's love ?

XIX.

It was—O ! passion sprung from hell,

Unmitigable thirst of gold !

To what base deeds dost thou impell

The bosom that's by thee controll'd !

XX.

Thus ruminated ANNA'S Sire :—

“ Should EDWARD take this ORRA's hand,

“ Conduct her to the altar's foot,

“ And once be join'd in nuptial band,

XXI.

" No remedy were left for me—

" A *Christian* made, my slave is lost ;

" A *Christian's wife*, with him she goes,

" And with her all the gold she cost.

XXII.

" It shall not be—this very hour

" A vessel in the river rides,

" Bound straight for *Carolina's bay*,

" And only waits for favouring tides ;

XXIII.

" Her husband, I.—To-morrow's sun

" Shall be the last of ORRA's stay,

" For, at the approaching midnight hour

" Shall she be sudden borne away.

XXIV.

A man, perchance, to gain devote,

For ORRA's fate might little grieve,

But that his *wife* should yield assent,
What gentle female will believe?

xxv.

Tho' pearly drops from ORRA's eyes
Adown her jetty bosom fell,
While in convulsive sobs she cry'd

"O! let me bid him one farewell!"

xxvi.

Yet all was vain—not ORRA's pray'rs,
Her years of faithful service spent,
Nor lovely ANNA's fond request,
Could make the mother's heart relent;

xxvii.

No, not th' assembled *childrens'* tears,
Whom ORRA's tender care had rear'd,
Could draw one drop of pity down;
'Gainst all her callous breast was scar'd.

XXVIII.

The word was pass'd—the morrow's sun
Was doom'd the last of ORRA's stay,
And at th' ensuing midnight hour
Was faithful ORRA torne away.

XXVIII.

The word was pass'd—the morrow's sun

Was doom'd the last of Orna's stay.

And at the rising midnight hour, when

Was faithful Orna's love away, and

Went forth to seek his way.

XXIX.

Not all was true—the tale she told

Her youth of faithful love and

Not hardly Orna's love was

Could open the mother's heart

XXX.

No, not the mother's heart was

When Orna's love was

Could open the mother's heart

Could open the mother's heart

THE TALE OF EDWARD AND ORRA. 28

Had for his faithful services
Beducath'd an annual rich reward
One hundred annual pounds—how blessed
Might now this worthy couple prove
From slavery Orra might be freed

PART IV.

Now by his suffering master's bed

Some fourteen wretched days had pass'd,
Which Edward spent in ceaseless moan,
Nor left him till he breath'd his last.

Nor left him then, but join'd the rites

That laid him in his peaceful home,
And, bending o'er the coffin'd clay,
Shed grateful sorrows in the tomb.

But what was now his wild surprise,
On learning that his Lord's regard

Had for his faithful services

Bequeath'd an annual rich reward ?

IV.

One hundred annual pounds!—how blest!

Might now this worthy couple prove,

From slav'ry ORRA might be freed,

Or bound alone to him and love.

V.

Swift to the wonted haunt he flew,

To pour the news in ORRA's ear,

But like a statue breathless stood,

When told "*Your* ORRA is not here.

VI.

" Ungratefully she left the house,

" Where she had foster'd been so long."

He groan'd—he stamp'd—he rent his hair ;

But mute, and motionless, his tongue.

At length, a bursting flood of tears

Gave ease to his o'erloaded breast;

And just supplied sufficient strength

Of words, to make one short request;

"Where is she gone?"—No answer came;

To silence all the train were sworn,

To keep close-lock'd from EDWARD'S ear,

When, how, or whither she was borne.

But ANNA, who lamented sore

Her ORRA, thus by craft betray'd,

Wrote "*Carolina*" on a card,

And to his hands by stealth convey'd.

He sought, and soon a passage gain'd,

He saw with joy the streamers spread,

And daily chid the loit'ring waves,

That all so slow the vessel sped!

xI.

At length the wish'd-for port is gain'd;

He searches each plantation round,

Nor, till some eight long days are pass'd,

Can ORRA's sad resort be found.

xII.

His eyes discover her at last,

Beneath the toil of noontide suns,

He folds her in one short embrace,

Then to the *Planter* eager runs:

xIII.

Prostrate upon the ground he falls,

Now at his feet submissive kneels,

In plaintive terms, and broken sighs,

His own and ORRA's tale reveals.

Then made a kind of sign

Then thus, "O give my ORRA back, and O to

" Give me my first, my only love !

" All, all the treasure I command

" Would little for her ransom prove.

A greater pleasure is mine

" Or, if, inhuman, you refuse

" This my fond bosom's ardent pray'r,

" Receive me in your fields at least,

" And let me ORRA's slav'ry share.

This transport is my wish to me

" Again to bondage will I bend,

" Again embrace the galling chain,

" Let me but toil by ORRA's side,

" I will not murmur or complain."

XVII.

This Planter own'd a noble heart,

He rais'd the suppliant with a tear,

Then made a kind inviting sign

To ORRA, who stood weeping near :

"The long-lov'd fav'rite of thy breast

"From this, a stranger's hand, receive,

"A greater pleasure is not thine,

"Than mine in having pow'r to give :

"Unransom'd, take her to thy arms,

"Nor offer me thy treasur'd ore,

"This transport is more wealth to me

"Than either Indies' boasted store."

"Let me but tell by Orta's side,

"I will not murmur or complain."

XVII.

This blanked own'd a noble heart,

He rais'd the suppliant with a tear.

TALE THE TWELFTH.

CHEDDER CLIFTS:

OR,

R A Y M O N D.

ADDRESSED TO

M A R I A.

Timor & minæ

Scandunt eodem, quo Dominus; neque

Decedit serata triremi, &

Post equitem sedet atra cura.

Horat. Lib. iii. Od. 1.

TO THE HONORABLE THE SECRETARY

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION
500 5TH AVENUE
NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

SHEPHERD CLIFFS

A greater pleasure is not found

250

R. N. Y. M. O. N. D.

2. The second part of the paper is devoted to the study of the properties of the function $\Phi(x)$ defined by the equation

EST. 1972

01-000000-11

1947-1948

1884

THESE ARE THE
REMARKS OF THE
JURY IN CASE NO. 10,
IN THE COURT OF
COMMON PLEAS,
COUNTY OF COLUMBIA,
STATE OF MARYLAND,
AT A HEARING HELD
ON THE 10TH DAY OF
MAY, 1906.

10. 11. 1941

ADDRESS

TO

M A R I A.

COME, my MARIA, let us onward go,

Nor dread the paths of this romantic ground,
Tho' the full stream beside sonorous flow,
And dreary rocks and caves beset us round.

II.

So may we hand in hand through years to come

Pursue the course prescrib'd by Heav'n's be-

hest!

Patient abide his wise-ordaining doom,

Enjoy the *good*, nor murmur at the rest!

III.

What tho' these paths, remote from public eye,
Exhibit but a drear and desart waste,
Some wonders of the ruling Pow'r on high
May in this awful solitude be trac'd.

IV.

Bright issuing from the fissures, on the side
Of the rude stone, what lucid rills we see !
So Health's pure sources unimpeded glide
Through the clear veins of rugged Industry.

V.

Behold ! beneath yon cliff's o'er-arching brow,
Spontaneous sweets of Nature shoot around,
The modest orchard spreads its pregnant
bough,
And the ripe apple bends it to the ground ;

VI.

Rich bev'rage yielding to the needy hind,
That holds his dwelling in yon clay-built cot,

Who with the treasure of a blameless mind,
 Adoring God, abides his lowly lot.

The foaming flood, which some few minutes past
 Roll'd with impetuous course its tide along,
 Now, narrow'd to a streamlet, checks its haste,
 And hides its course yon ozier-sprays among.

Say, might not Contemplation wander here,
 With quaint Surmise and Fancy in her train,
 Make yon scoop'd rock a giant's cave appear,
 Or yon deep cell a Druid-temple feign?

How high the cliffs ascend on either hand,
 While on their shrubby sides the woolly flocks
 In quest of herbage, take their dang'rous stand,
 And bleat responsive from the echoing rocks!

Here view the shatter'd carcass of a hare,

And list the hoary-headed peasant's tale,

How from the summit's ridge, impell'd by fear

Of the fell hounds, she plung'd into the vale.

And with compassion view the various scars,

Which deep indent the honest rustic's face,

Nor wonder that with recollected fears

He trembling points to yon tremendous place,

Yon rugged brow, whence once returning home,

'Mid the thick-rising vapours of the night,

He miss'd his foot-path in the treach'rous gloom,

And headlong fell from the stupendous height;

Fell, yet survives, you see; and often pours

His marvellous escape in strangers' ears;

Then with uplifted eyes the skies adores,
While down his scars distil his grateful tears.

— *Behold, where yond xv.*
This cave survey, which witches haunt by night,
(For so the superstitious Eld relate)

Where, scatter'd round, worn crutches meet the
sight,

Conjectur'd to support their tott'ring weight.

— *Behold, where yond xv.*
Lo! for some furlongs, how confin'd our walk,

How thick, beneath, the craggy flints abound!

How from the mountain-side loud echoes talk,

Reverberated from the trodden ground!

— *xvi.*
And now the op'ning path, which wide expands

To circular extent, and verdant sod,

A spacious amphitheatre commands,

Where knighthood whilom might have made
abode.

xvi.

Behold those central piles of massy stone,
That o'er the scene an awful horror shed—
Seems not the whole, from times long past and
gone,
A mausoleum for some honour'd dead?

xviii.

Soft! soft!— retire within this shelt'ring gloom;
Behold, where yonder rushes from his cave
Distracted RAYMOND! there he seeks a tomb,
And daily delves some portion of his grave.

xix.

Impetuous, hapless man! one hasty deed,
In youth's mad season, damn'd his riper years;
Nightly he makes the rugged flint his bed,
A prey to contrite grief, and ceaseless tears.

xx.

Make we this nook our seat, nor wound the heart
Of wretched RAYMOND with a searching eye!

Who seems at sight of human form to start,
And in himself ingulph his misery.

XXI.

Attend with patience to the painful tale,
Which HENRY * pour'd into my list'ning ear,
What time we stray'd thro' *Twick'nbam's* flow'ry
vale—

HENRY lamented ever, ever dear !

XXII.

HENRY, whose friendship I in youth obtain'd,
When Fortune led me to *Hibernia's* shore,
From whom full many a moral truth I glean'd
In sweet excursions on the banks of *Nore*. †

* The late RICHARD GRIFFITH, Esq. of *Maldenball*, in the County of *Kilkenny*, in *Ireland* ; esteem'd and beloved by his intimates for his excellent natural endowments and philanthropic virtues ; but more generally known to the world by the share he had in the elegant *Letters of Henry and Frances*, and many other ingenious publications.

† *Nore*, the river which runs through the County of *Kilkenny*.

Who seems at sight of human form to start,
And in himself indulges his misdeeds.

And in himself indulges his misdeeds,
And in himself indulges his misdeeds.

Which Henry * pour'd into my listening ear,
When time we stray'd thro' Tiberius's bowery

Henry lamented ever, ever dear,
Behold where yonder youth is placed

Henry, whose friendship I in youth obtain'd,
When Fortune led me to Hibernia's shore,

From whom full many a moral truth I glean'd
In sweet excursions on the banks of Novus

In sweet excursions on the banks of Novus,
In sweet excursions on the banks of Novus

The late Francis O'Connell, Esq. of Mallow, in the County of
Wick, Ireland, and who is now in the County of Wick, Ireland,

lent natural endowments and political talents; but more gene-
rally known to the world by the title he bore of the "Lion of the West," and his other numerous publications.

Of wretched Raynold with a searching eye

THE TALE

OF

RAYMOND.*

I.

NOR birth, nor fortune did on RAYMOND frown,

A noble stem he in his lineage trac'd,

And many a virtuous deed, descending down

From honour'd ancestry, that lineage grac'd.

* The name of the country wherein the very singular transactions occurred, (on which this tale is founded) is, for obvious reasons, concealed. The Author presumed, therefore, he was at liberty to lay the scene wherever his fancy suggested. Having, while he was projecting his composition, visited that stupendous chasm in *Somersetshire*, called *Cheddar Clifts*, he felt himself induced to fix on that, and the rather, for that a rumour then prevailed that a man, whose mind was deranged, had frequently been seen straying in that romantic solitude.

II.

But the large prospect of a father's wealth
Inflam'd with frantic joy his youthful mind,
In dissipation he impair'd his health,
And prudent counsel scatter'd to the wind.

III.

The rev'rend parent, with afflicted eye,
Beheld his boy the race of folly run,
And oft lamented, with a stifled sigh,
And oft, in gentle phrase, rebuk'd his son.

IV.

Of riot's bane too soon enamour'd grown,
Th' impetuous youth disdains the mild rebuke,
Retorts displeasure in resentful tone,
Or quits his father with indignant look.

V.

For Dissipation, and its boundless train
Of frantic crimes, disgrace his ev'ry hour,

Intoxication oft invades his brain,

And bids him spurn a doting father's pow'r.

vi.

That doting father, whose indulgent cares

Were all employ'd on this unduteous boy,

Whose love, (too sanguine) in his rip'ning years,

Had garner'd up a store of fancy'd joy;

vii.

But now of his abandon'd offspring's vice,

And scorn of admonition, weary grown,

Expostulation mild no more he tries,

But loud upbraids him with imperious tone.

viii.

The frantic youth his hasty arm uprears,

(Spite of the duty sons to parents owe,

Spite of the reverence due to silver hairs)

And on his father's temples dash'd a blow.

IX.

What instant horrors, RAYMOND, then were thine!

Cursing the deed which thine own hand had

done,

Surprise, remorse, disgrace, at once combine,

And all hell's torments thro' thy bosom run.

X.

He thinks each object deprecates the deed ;

His mother's portrait, to his troubled eye,

Appears with indignation to recede

From the dire stroke, and frown with agony.

XI.

The father, silent, dries the blushing stream,

Which down his wounded cheek profusely

flows,

Within his eye conflicting passions gleam,

And with indignant fire his visage glows ;

XII.

For love and pity, mingling in his face,

To check the rising storm of passion try,
As struggling sunny rays attempt to chase

The gath'ring gloom of an incensed sky.

XIII.

An awful pause ensued---then, turning slow,

He shew'd his handkerchief deep stain'd with
gore ;

“Behold this blood,” he said, “Oh child of woe!

“Behold thy work !—but see thy sire no more.”

XIV.

He said, and left the room. Th' abandon'd son

Stood petrified awhile in cold suspense,

Then forth instinctively he seem'd to run,

Robb'd of each faculty of sight and sense.

XV.

Impulsive habit led him to the haunts

Of loose associates, and th' unnerving bowl,

Where Vice its unrestrained triumph vaunts
O'er ev'ry finer feeling of the soul.

XVI.

False! short-liv'd triumph! not the echoed
sound

Of mirth tumultuous thro' the spendthrift's
hall,

Can chase the thoughts that his remembrance
wound,

But each alluring draught is dash'd with gall.

XVII.

When, sated with the treach'rous bane, he tries

To woo the balmy comfort of his bed,

"Upon the torment of the mind he lies,"

Successive horrors goad his restless head.

XVIII.

If harrass'd thought a short reprieve enjoy,

Enwrapp'd in Slumber's momentary bands,

Self-open'd, wide the curtains seem to fly,
And by his side his bleeding father stands.

XIX.

He groans, he starts! the restless pillow flies,
To stalk the room in darkness and despair;
Where fancy'd spectres haunt his haggard eyes,
Whose yells and screams incessant wound his
ear.

XX.

Sudden he meditates, in frantic rage,
By suicide to end the date of woe;
Doubt fills his mind with fearful black presage,
And startled Nature shudders at the blow.

XXI.

He doubts—he ruminates—“Dares RAYMOND
die
“Beneath a parent's unrelenting ire?

"The danger of a new existence try,

"And in the fullness of his crimes expire?"

XXII.

"No, Heav'n forbid! Despair and Madness, hence!

"With contrite heart I'll seek my father's door,

"Pour the full stream of soft'ning penitence,

"And pardon, prostrate at his feet, implore."

XXIII.

Thus pond'ring, he resolves. His father's door

Against his pray'rs and tears fast-clos'd re-

mains;

The fatal sentence, "*See thy sire no more,*"

Now, with redoubled force his mind arraigns.

XXIV.

Yet, day by day he plies a parent's gate,

Again he sues, and is again repell'd;

Nor wins admittance, till approaching *fate*

Compels that parent's rigid heart to yield.

XXV.

He yields, and RAYMOND comes—with timid eye,
The bed of sickness trembling he surveys,
While Conscience whispers, in a deep-drawn
sigh,

“‘Tis RAYMOND, hath cut short a father’s days.”

XXVI.

Half-rais’d, the parent cast a solemn look,
That penetrated to the culprit’s heart,
Whose stream of life awhile its seat forsook,
And life itself seem’d ready to depart.

XXVII.

“Approach, my son!”—At that benignant
name,

Poor RAYMOND, falling on his slacken’d knee,
Feels sudden warmth re animate his frame,
Yet hides his face, in speechless agony.

XXVIII.

Thrice he essay'd forgiveness to implore,
 The sounds, half-utter'd, faint'd on his tongue,
 "Cease," said the Sire, "thy fruitless aim give
 o'er,
 "And hear *me* speak--thou wilt not hear" me
 long."

XXIX.

"Thou seest me struggling in the pangs of death,
 "The race of painful life well-nigh is run;
 "Yet ere I draw the latest gasp of breath,
 "Hear my last words, and heed them well,
 my son.

XXX.

"A child's inheritance is wholly thine,
 "Of all I have thou'lt find thyself possess'd;
 "Thou, left alone of wretched RAYMOND's line,
 "Accept that *all*, and, if thou *can'st*, be bless'd.

XXXI.

“ But, chief o’er *all*, this *casket* I bestow,
“ Receive it from thy dying father’s hand,
“ And, as thou tak’st it, breathe a solemn vow,
“ Thou wilt not disobey this last command ;

XXXII.

“ Break not the seal that covers this bequest,
“ (As thou shalt answer at thy awful doom !)
“ Till I am sunk in everlasting rest,
“ And silent shrowded in thy mother’s tomb.”

XXXIII.

‘ I take it, and I swear,’ the son replies,
‘ But O ! while Heav’n permits thee yet to live,
‘ Hear thy offender’s penitential cries,
‘ Relieve his torments, bless him, and forgive !’

XXXIV.

“ For Heav’n’s forgiveness of one fatal deed
“ My parting spirit breathes a fervent pray’r,

"And in a future state, if pray'r may plead,

" 'Twill sue again for thy remission there."

xxxv.

"Yet ere for ever thou shalt close thine eyes,

" O'er my sad heart thy benediction pour."

The wretched father, struggling, strove to rise,

In vain!—he gasp'd—he groan'd—and spoke
no more.

xxxvi.

RAYMOND remains a monument of grief,

A death-like paleness o'er his visage spreads ;

No tear to his affliction brings relief,

Nor quits he, till compell'd, the mournful bed.

xxxvii.

While now the fun'ral honours were prepar'd,

Distractedly, from room to room he stray'd,

In ev'ry breeze his father's voice he heard,

Of ev'ry sound, and ev'ry eye afraid.

XXXVIII.

The fun'ral rites now summon ; on he goes,
And mingles in the dark sepulchral gloom,
Nor quits the hallow'd object of his woes,
Till silent laid within his mother's tomb.

XXXIX.

With one long look he takes his final leave,
And inly murmurs, "Where is *my* repose ?
"Ne'er, till he's shelter'd in the peaceful grave,
"Shall RAYMOND's eyes on shame and sorrow
close."

XL.

Th' attendant train his falt'ring steps support,
And guide reluctant to a dreary home,
Where Melancholy keeps her solemn court,
And spreads around one universal gloom.

XLI.

The bed of Death he seeks, where, in his sight,
His father's latest gift, the *casket*, lay ;

Intent he gazes, fill'd with sore affright,

Yet rising hope attempts his dismay.

XLII.

"Perchance," he cries, "this casket may contain

"The boon I ask'd with penitential tear;

"The pardon, which his falt'ring tongue in vain

"Essay'd to *spea*k, perchance is *written* here.

XLIII.

"O! grant it, pitying God!" the gift unclos'd,

What aggravated horror meets him there!

His father's *blood-stain'd kerchief* lies expos'd,

And one soft *ringlet* of his *silver hair*.

XLIV.

His fixed eye scarce credits what he sees,

Cold drops of sweat his aching brow pervade;

His trembling limbs with gradual horror freeze;

He sinks—he faints upon the fatal bed.

XLV.

Ah! happy, had he sunk, to rise no more!

But Nature's vivid fount renews its course,
He wakes, afresh his mis'ry to explore,
And feels its torments with redoubled force.

XLVI.

He shrieks, he rends his hair, and loud exclaims,
"Could then *no* pity to my crime be shewn?
"My soul to pangs eternal he condemns;
"He's gone, and left no pardon for his son.

XLVII.

"Now where shall I betake me? whither fly
"To banish thought from this distracted brain?
"Not mines of wealth can lost repose supply,
"Repose of mind ne'er harbours here again.

XLVIII.

"To distant climes shall wretched RAYMOND go,
"In martial throngs hide his devoted head,

"Where the first friendly arm that lays me low,
 "I'll kiss with joy, and bless it for the deed."

XLIX.
 Forthwith to distant regions he repair'd,
 Where *Belgic* warriors hardy conflict wag'd,
 Urg'd by despair, to deeds advent'rous dar'd,
 And sought the ranks where hottest fury rag'd.

L.
 Impetuous darting on th' advancing foe,
 Confronted by the leader of the band,
 His fierce assailant's falchion dealt a blow,
 That from the wrist dismember'd *RAYMOND'S*
 hand.

LI.
 When thus the victim, bending to the ground,
 "Restrain thy fury, let me not expire,
 "Till I have knelt, and bless'd thee for the
 wound,
 "Which lopp'd the impious band that smote my
 Sire."

LII.

Unfit for further action, quench'd his fires,
Acknowledging the justice of his lot,
From public haunts the wretch with shame re-
tires,
And hides his guilt in this sequester'd spot.

LIII.

Of all life's comforts by himself denied,
He makes his dwelling in yon dreary cave,
From Nature's bounty Nature's wants supplied,
And daily delves a portion of his grave.

Whence the further action, quench'd his grief,
 Acknowledging the justice of his lot.

From public haunts the wretch, with shaming
 And hides his guilt in this sequester'd spot.
 Of all life's comforts by himself denied,

He makes his dwelling in yon dreary cave,
 From Nature's bounty Nature's wants supplied,
 And daily delves a portion of his give.

When thus the villain, leaning on the ground,

When thus the villain, leaning on the ground,

Restrain thy fury, let me not expire,
 Till I have said that which I think

Which I have said that which I think

Sir,

TALE THE THIRTEENTH.

THE

ADVANTAGES

OF

REPENTANCE.

IN BLANK VERSE.

FOUNDED ON THE

ANECDOTES OF A PRIVATE FAMILY.

IN * * * * * SHIRE.

----- Murder, tho' it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. *Shakespeare's Hamlet.*

INTRODUCTION.

O Mem'ry ! in thy magic glass
What various scenes and objects pass !
Retentive maid ! thine is the power
To brighten, or o'ercast the hour.
To me, sweet nymph, extend thine aid,
And, in thy brightest hues pourtray'd,
To give my sense supreme delight,
Restore AMANDA to my sight !
Her polish'd mien, complexion fair,
The glossy ringlets of her hair,
Her easy gesture, lively air ;

Th' expressive brow, the azure eye,
With all its glancing witchery,
And nameless sweets, that seem'd to steep
In roseate dew her ruby lip!

Thanks, Goddess, thanks! she greets my sight,
With all the fullness of delight;
And, through thy aid, while thus I trace
Each charm of that alluring face,
Her converse sweet again I hear,
Her judgment strong, conception clear;
Her turn for raillery and wit
Impressive, elegant, and neat.

Such was she, when her partial praise
With smiles approv'd these early lays;
Now, tho' that flatt'ring praise be o'er,
Those cheering smiles exist no more,
Shall I a *second* sanction chuse
To shield a cold, *forgetful* Muse?

No—be the page as first design'd,
 The tribute of a grateful mind,
 To *her* and *Friendship* still consign'd!

}
 }
 }

As the Author of the following Work does not
 presume either to support or deny the reality
 of fairies, he chooses to devote all direct
 and indirect matter on a subject, which every
 person has a right to copy, and thus opinion
 is distributed, and it is not connected with a
 view of instruction, and the whole tendency is
 moral and just, he hopes with the generosity of
 readers, to put themselves to finding them
 the same as a friend.

If there should remain any errors, please
 or over-sighty persons, who are inclined to

PREFACE.

As the Author of the following Work does not presume either to support or deny the REALITY of APPARITIONS, he chuses to decline all unnecessary suggestions on a subject, wherein every person has a right to enjoy his own opinion undisturbed; and, as it was conceived with a view of instruction, and the whole tendency is moral and just, he hopes, with the generality of readers, to pass uncensured for treating them with so PECULIAR A STORY.

If there should remain any over-scrupulous, or over-witty persons, who are inclined per-

emptorily to condemn, or illiberally to deride him, he begs leave to answer them with the sentiments of MR. ADDISON on such subjects, and those of LUCRETIVS and JOSEPHUS, quoted by him, in the second volume of his *Spectator*.

“I think a person, who is thus terrified with
“the imaginations of GHOSTS and SPECTRES,
“much more reasonable than one, who, con-
“trary to the reports of all historians, sacred
“and profane, antient and modern, and to the
“traditions of all nations, thinks the APPEAR-
“ANCE of SPIRITS fabulous and groundless.—
“Could I not give myself up to this general
“testimony of mankind, I should to the rela-
“tions of particular persons, who are now liv-
“ing, and whom I cannot distrust in other
“matters of fact.”

So far Mr. ADDISON's own opinion—he then proceeds—

“LUCRETIVS himself, though, by the course of
“his philosophy, he was obliged to maintain
“that the soul did not exist separate from the
“body, makes no doubt of the REALITY OF AP-
“PARTITIONS, AND THAT MEN HAVE OFTEN AP-
“PEARED AFTER THEIR DEATH.”

And further having related, from JOSEPHUS, a circumstance of this kind, which befel GLAPHIRA, daughter of ARCHELAUS, he closes his discourse thus: “The example deserves to be
“taken notice of, as it contains a most certain
“proof of the IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL, and
“of DIVINE PROVIDENCE.—If any man thinks
“these facts incredible, let him enjoy his own

"opinion to himself; but let him not endeavour to disturb the belief of others, who, by
 "INSTANCES OF THIS NATURE ARE EXCITED TO THE
 "STUDY OF VIRTUE."

To the testimony of this excellent modern writer might likewise be added the many striking uses which have been made, and the noble purposes of justice which have been effected, through the means of such EXTRAORDINARY APPEARANCES, by several of our ancient Poets, and particularly by that honour to Nature and Genius, our own immortal SHAKESPEARE.

THE
ADVANTAGES

REPENTANCE.*

DREADFUL the state of him, whose harden'd
heart

Remorse could never pierce ! whose early youth,
To evil prone, hath drank the bitter cup
Of Guilt, regardless of the poison misery,
Wherewith it is imbrued, till all his veins

* The following Tale was given to the Public above twenty years ago, unconnected with any other work. It had the good fortune to pass through four editions; but the whole impression having been long since sold off, it is, at the earnest request of the Author's friends, subjoined to the present collection.

Are fill'd and bloated with the dang'rous venom,
 And Health and Ease are flown ! mature in life,
 Grown ripe in wickedness, and swoln with
 crimes,

Who finds his malady, yet dares refuse
 The sweet and wholesome draught of Penitence,
 Which the distemper'd mind's physician, Con-
 science,

Even to the worst of men will deign to offer.
 Him sleepless nights and loaded days weigh
 down

To blackness and despair; to him remembrance
 Is as a fiend, that watches all his steps,
 Stands in his path, and intercepts his walk;
 Makes ev'n the rushing wind alarm his sense,
 As if some power, more than natural,
 Rode on the gale; while, at the gloom of eye,

From room to room, through all the house he
flies,

Scar'd by affright—and seeks, (alas ! how vain !)

A moment's peace. At length, deep furrow'd
age,

The herald of his dreadful end, appears,

But to foretel the fatal stroke, and ring

Loud peals of torment in his ears—he dies

Reluctant—screaming—fearing ev'n to lose

A being which he loaths—in his last pang,

Vainly he rolls his struggling eye-balls round,

To catch a single ray to cheer his mind—

But all is dark and comfortless—he dies.

Not so the Man of Virtue—youth to him

Is the fair plain of bliss ; his riper years

Are the deep mines of wisdom, whence he draws

Discretion, temp'rance, and a thousand rich

Materials, to improve his after hours

With profit and delight ; when Memory,
Clad like a guardian spirit, a chaplet brings
Rich with the flow'rs he cultur'd in his youth,
And crowns his honest brow. Thence silver'd
age

Seems as the treasury of hoarded good,
Joys well preserv'd—and Death the blessed vale
Of Hope and Expectation—the dear path
To happiness immortal!——to his God.
Such was the state of SHENSTONE, virtuous man,
' Who walk'd through goodness, as he walk'd
through life,' *

Whom the Muse lov'd, and ever will lament ;
Fair wisdom, truth, and sense of gen'rous worth
Sat comely on his brow ; within his eye
Sweet charity, and meek humility,

* See Visions in Verse, Page 73.

Play'd lovely, and within his ample heart
 The milk of human kindness copious flow'd.
 Thus blameless, fearless, with a graceful smile
 He met his fate, and sought his native skies. *

Yet let not un-enlighten'd minds suppose
 No middle state between the extremes of Vice
 And Virtue:—He, who made, well knows his
 creatures,
 How weak, how frail; and if, perchance, awhile
 (As in the best it may) incautious youth
 Hath suffer'd truth and constancy to slumber
 Within the breast, and, their best guard, Dis-
 cretion,
 Desert his charge, or slacken in his duty,
 He looks with sorrowing eye.—Hear this, ye
 rigid,

* Mr. SHENSTONE died in his arm-chair, with a gentle sigh, and a smile on his countenance.

And if, by happier talents, ye have gain'd
Perfection's mount, at least, with pity view,
With mildness judge the wretch, whom human
weakness,
And venial errors doom to lag beneath.

REPENTANCE is the means, through Heaven's
dear grace,
Which from the blotted sheet of life can wipe
A thousand errors ; and the King of Heav'n
Hath mercy and compassion, more, I trust,
Than man hath pow'r of sinning. Hence, be
warn'd,
Ye wicked tribe ! ne'er think the hour too late,
The crime too black, the means of grace too
distant.
They cannot be, if true remorse of heart,
And sorrow for the crime, attends your pray'r ;
However bad, betake you to your knees ;

Think ye address your Counsellor, your friend,
 Your father, who with readiness of love
 Will raise, and comfort his repentant child,
 And lead him to the mansions of delight,
 Reserv'd for such as love his holy laws.
 Nay, ev'n on earth, or Time's recorded page
 Is sullied with untruth, the virtue, penitence,
 Hath met a large reward.— Is there who doubts?
 With candid patience let him here peruse
 The moral tale, which in expression weak,
 And tuneless numbers, I attempt to sing.

Thrice had the sun renew'd his annual course,
 Since hapless EDWARD, on the sultry plains
 Of India, had endur'd encreasing woes,
 And number'd all his moments by afflictions.
 When the fourth year began to store the earth
 With fruits and flow'rs, (unlimited expanse,
 And prodigality of bounty), EDWARD

Arose, one morn, cheer'd by refreshing sleep,
Which long had been a stranger to his bed.
His heart was light within him, and his eye
Look'd clear around; the dross within his
breast,
Which lim'd his soul to guilt, seem'd purg'd
away;
He heav'd the soft'ning sigh, and, as by instinct,
Bent low to Heav'n—a posture new to him!
He did not pray—he knew not what to ask;
While thus 'twixt doubt and sore dismay sus-
pended,
Officious Mem'ry set before his view
An awful register of sad misdeeds;
He gaz'd astonish'd:—here, a dow'rless sister
Upbraided him, for leaving her, at large
To wander through a false and treacherous
world,

Without a brother's safe conducting hand :
 There, a weak mother, sore oppress'd with age
 And poverty, let fall a sacred drop,
 And cried, " Thus is it with me."—Down he
 sunk,
 And, in a torrent of religious tears,
 Let loose the fullness of his swelling heart ;
 Wide, fast, and copious did they flow ; as erst
 The streams forth delug'd from the harden'd
 rock,
 Touch'd, and resolv'd by Moses' holy wand.
 His pains a-while reliev'd, EDWARD aloud
 Discharg'd his grief ; " Ah woe is me ! thus
 toss'd
 " Upon a foreign shore, robb'd of relief,
 " Of hope ; no sorrowing sister to condole,
 " No mother to advise ! no more I boast
 " A feeling friend, to share my nearest woe,

" And ease me of a part ; where is the man,

" Whom once I wrapp'd close, close within my
heart,

" And call'd this soul my own ?---he's lost--cs-
trang'd---

" And justly---since with rash misguided step

" I left a parent comfortless ; a sister

" Friendless, and unprotected, whom my la-

bours

Might have preserv'd to better fate, than now,

" I fear, attends them. What have I attain'd

" By one black deed, one moment's cursed work,

" But anguish and despair ? each slender morsel

" Earn'd by hard labour, and each niggard

draught

" Embitter'd by distress ! Oh ! were that morsel

" The honest meed of Virtue, and that draught

"The pay of genuine worth, how sweet, how grateful!"

"But, as it is---how nauseous! hence! away!"

"No more I'll bear this massacre of life,"

"This ruin of the soul---There is a Power,"

"Or Nature whispers to my heart in vain,"

"Who can, and will restore me to myself;"

"To him, to him I bend---and here disclaim"

"The vices of my youth; O! could I wipe

"Their traces from my mind! that cannot be.

"Amidst transgressions huge and num'rous,

"ONE

"Stands foremost, ne'er to be expung'd; ONE

"CRIME,

"Which even to myself I dare not name,"

"But if deep sorrow, and sincere remorse,"

"May ought avail to expiate the sin,"

"'Tis now within me, and shall there remain

"The tenant of my bosom. If my God,

"(That name! how sweet it sounds upon my
ear!)

"Deigns to accept my offer'd penitence,

"I yet may triumph o'er distress, I yet

"May shield a sister; yet relieve a mother;

"And, far as mem'ry will admit, may cure"

"My mind's wide wounds, and chase her throbs
away."

"He spoke, and rose---then to his custom'd task

Flew nimbly; gladness in his eye, and speed

Play'd on his feet; no more the hard-earn'd
meal

Seem'd tasteless; but, by quick concoction,

turn'd

To florid health, and vigour, while the draught

Ran fresh within the veins, and quicken'd life."

He toil'd, he prosper'd—every moment gave
Some large addition to his store, and Heaven
Indulgent smil'd on all he undertook.

Mean while his mother, tender, good MARIA,
On ALBION'S Isle left sorrowing, pin'd away
In anguish for a son ; her only stay
In life was lost ; her daughter's sole defence ;
Since torn from fortune in their earlier days,
His industry alone maintain'd the pair.

When'er she ventur'd, all alone, to open
The volume of her mind, she saw him her's,
And lost, in one sad moment—snatch'd away,
As 'twere by sudden fate—--one hour the board
Smil'd at his presence, on the next was blank—
And fruitless every eye look'd forth for ED-
WARD:
No traces left of him ; his course unknown,

His motives, his distress. In vain, enquiry
Panted on every various wind to find him.
Thus o'er their sorrows did this couple brood,
And drank their falling tears, when ghastly Po-
verty
Intruded, and with meagre, hungry look
Appall'd each comely visage; wide he strode,
And, with a horrid joy, cry'd, "All is mine."
What hope remains, alas! for worth distress'd,
And modest want, unless some noble being
Comes timely, like a minister of heav'n,
To succour and redress; in largess wide,
To pour his bounties, and prevent the blush,
Ere yet it rises on the conscious cheek
Of merit, undispos'd, unus'd to ask?
Such was MARIA's happy lot! (ah! would
The sons of fortune oft'ner deign'd regard

The claims of worth distress'd---"casting
 thereon
 Their superflux, and shewing Heav'n more
 just."*)
 Such was MARIA's lot! for young HORATIO,
 Who long had doated on fair ANNA's charms,
 Half wither'd in their bloom, stepp'd forth, and
 ask'd
 The maiden of MARIA, ask'd her hand
 With humble diffidence; as one, who held
 Nought in his pow'r to give, and all to beg;
 Yet him the luxury of wealth enrich'd,
 And plenteous meads enclos'd---the mother
 blush'd,
 Blush'd for a dow'rless daughter, and refus'd
 The lover's ardent suit---'till well assur'd,

*) See Shakespeare's King Lear.

That fond affection long before had tied
 Their hearts reciprocal, she gave her last,
 Her only bliss away, pour'd forth her blessings
 Profusely o'er the new-match'd pair—then
 turn'd
 To seek the house of poverty again,
 A mate with lonely Woe ;---when thus the
 youth—

“ Much as I doat on ANNA'S worth, and live
 “ But in her smile, a something yet to life
 “ Were wanting, if MARIA will not grace
 “ My home. In earliest youth, alas ! I lost
 “ The name of son, the blessing of a parent ;
 “ Nor could the ample fortunes thence deriv'd,
 “ Requite me for that loss ;---O ! be it now
 “ Repair'd in thee ! Be thou my guardian ! pa-
 rent !

“Be witness to my care, my love of ANNA,
 “And share our happiness, my second mother!”

He staid not for reply---but hasty seiz'd
 Her hand, half yielding, half reluctant; seiz'd,
 And led her to his home; where every moment
 Came wing'd with new delight.—His life to
 ANNA,

Was all attentive love; to good MARIA,
 All rev'rence and esteem; each word had awe,
 Each look respect, and ev'ry favour grace;
 He gave, as one who knew not that he gave,
 Or wist not what it meant. ANNA, enrich'd
 With all that love or fortune could bestow,
 Was happiest of the happy; and the mother
 (Save when the thought of EDWARD, hapless
 youth!

Struck on her mem'ry) felt a smile return,
 And joy rekindle in her aged heart.

Thus flew twelve years on pleasure's silken
wing,

And all was comfort, peace, and happiness.

Now had the banish'd man, persisting still
In penitence to Heav'n, and love of virtue,
Accumulated wealth beyond the bounds
Of what his largest hope display'd ; and yearn'd,
(Spite of the fears that linger'd round his heart)
With ardent wish to seek his native clime ;
To see if ANNA's youth was yielded up,
A prey to lawless love ; if early sorrow
Had nipt the bud, and blasted all the fruit ;
Whether again 'twere giv'n him to behold
A mother's face, to tend and cheer her age
With duteous care and love, or to bedew
Her sacred manes with religious tears.

This lesson had repentance taught his mind:

“ Let no weak terrors for thyself withhold

"Thy duteous steps, or stop thy bounty's
course;

"Thy mother may survive, and want the pit-
tance

"Thou deal'st to ev'ry stranger; thou may'st
now

"Raise up her feeble head, restore her heart,

"And brighten up her eve of life; obey---

"A debt to Nature is a debt to God "

His treasure safe on board, auspicious winds
Swell'd big the bellying sails; old Ocean boil'd
Around the cleaving keel; so swift the course,
That wind and vessel seem'd throughout to vie
In vigour of dispatch; hence the fifth moon,
Ere quite her course was done, (one April
morn,

The hills new ting'd with gold) beheld him safe
On English ground! Delight unspeakable

To hearts unknown to vice! The guileless man,
Whom search of foreign wealth provokes, or
care

Of merchandize incites, or, (hapless state!)
Disastrous war compels awhile to leave
His native climate and connections dear,
At his long-wish'd return regaining all,
What joys are his! He stops, and, panting, asks
His heart, if all be true; he seems new born,
And drinks, in frequent gasps of happiness,
Large draughts of his own air. Not so poor

EDWARD,

Anxious affright and doubt oppress his heart,
And stifle in its birth the rising transport.
More weight of years, and Grief's deforming
hand,
Had alter'd ev'ry feature; from his visage
The vacant smile of dissipated life

And empty joy was flown, while solid sense,
 And comely reason, and discretion fair,
 Supply'd the place ;—ah ! unavailing all
 To chase his fears ! Beneath a deep disguise
 He veil'd each trace of what he once appear'd,
 Lest, when he saw (were such his happy lot)
 His aged parent, strong surprise might seize
 Her palsied nerves, and Nature quit her hold.
 The dwelling, once familiar to his foot,
 With trembling, hasty step, he seeks—Each
 eye,
 Each passing glance alarms him ; seems to
 cleave
 His wounded soul, and lay each thinking bare.
 The threshold gain'd, while yet his shaking hand
 Begg'd for admittance, prone he fell—o'erspent,
 And to the kind inhabitants appear'd
 A breathless corse.—With charitable care

They rais'd him up, and, by appliance meet,
Quick'n'd the pulse, and bade it flow anew.

Reviv'd, and of his proper course inform'd,
(O blessings on each kindly-temper'd heart
That thus relieves the stranger!) on he hastens
To seek, while ev'ry conscious fear return'd,
A mother's presence. She, her earliest meal
Dispatch'd, had totter'd forth, as was her wont,
And gain'd her fav'rite seat; where each new
morn
She gaz'd with new delight, and in his works
Ador'd the God of Nature, paid her thanks
For joys, so far beyond the stretch of hope,
Show'r'd on her age, and with one pious wish,
For EDWARD'S virtue and return, concluded
Her daily orison. For now her mind,
By time made pliant, had receiv'd the stamp
Of that great necessary means of happiness,

Submission to her fate—thus flow'd her hours
 Tranquil and smooth, as glides the summer
 lake ;
 If chance a sudden sigh a while deform'd
 Her sweet serenity of soul, 'twas slight,
 And momentary as the passing breeze ;
 For pure Religion cannot long desert
 Her willing votaries, but repairs the grace
 With added lustre, as returning suns
 Dispel the transient gloom, and bid the stream
 Again be smooth and clear. Nigh where she
 sat,
 Was passion-tortur'd EDWARD doom'd to pass ;
 Big with a thousand various apprehensions,
 These words alarm'd his ear : “ And if he yet
 “ Survives, O be he worthy of thy care !
 “ 'Tis all I beg.” He turn'd him to the sound,
 And saw—what long he stopp'd not to survey,

But on the pinions of distraction flew,
Knelt, and embrac'd, and wept upon a mother.
Struck with affright!—and “Who art thou,”
she cried,
“That thus!—when, as he press'd her tremb-
ling knee
With couchant face, all bath'd in drops of shame,
A scar, which boyish negligence had thrown
Broad o'er his neck, awoke remembrance in her
Too strong to bear—Scarce had she power to
say,
“Art thou indeed my long—lost joy?” A sigh,
Which shook, and all unnerv'd her aged frame,
Burst forth, and on the fav'rite seat she dropp'd.
Swift to his duteous care the youth arose,
And, “O forgive my desp'rate haste,” he cried,
“Forgive my zeal, my eagerness of love;
“I meant at leisure to disclose myself,

"But Nature would not let me."—Motionless
 She still remain'd. "And have I thus destroy'd
 "The only means of bliss? Forbid it Heav'n!
 "The dearest purpose of my life?" Then ran
 And call'd aloud for aid, himself unfit,
 Unknowing how to act. Forth from the portal
 HORATIO, ANNA, and domestics, burst
 Alarm'd, and haste instinctively to save
 Their mansion's honour: from the neighboring
 spring
 They draw the happy means. Once more her
 eye
 Beam'd on the day, tho' faint; it stray'd
 around
 With timid glance, till on her EDWARD's face
 It rested full; then from the seat she sprung,
 As if returning youth new-strung her nerves,

And, in her joy triumphant, cry'd, "Behold
him!

"More than I dar'd to ask, is now bestow'd—

"I have a son again:" then eager plung'd

Into his clasping arms, and there remain'd,

Till fainting Nature had repair'd her strength,

Resolving all her burthen into tears;

That sacred dew, which Heav'n, in mercy, gave

To loads of anguish, or excess of joy.

Th' assistant crow'd stand speechless—mo-
tionless—

And, in each other's eye, alternate seek,

And read the cause of their amaze; till Ed-

WARD

(His pious mother having sought relief

On the same seat, where late she lifeless lay,

From passions which too exquisitely press'd

Her shatter'd frame) ran, frantic in his joy,

To ANNA, to HORATIO; o'er and o'er
 He seiz'd them, and, in wildness of embrace,
 Seem'd to devour their loves. On ev'ry visage,
 Well as he could, he cast a look—when lo!
 Against a mourning cypress, PHILIP, old,
 Lean'd, to support his weight of joy—a man
 Of more than fourscore years—whom EDWARD'S
 father
 From infancy had rear'd; their tempers, cus-
 toms,
 And sentiments alike—Hence counsellor,
 Not steward was he call'd—oft had he giv'n
 Advice, clear, just, and wholesome, to our
 youth,
 When early joys and mad pursuits seduc'd him,
 Which, when he found neglected and despis'd,
 Frequent he rais'd a bitter sigh, and said,
 " My good old master, happy, happy thou,

“ Whom the dark tomb enclos’d, ere this thou
“ saw’st! ”
“ Soon as the eye of EDWARD caught his form,
And own’d his rev’rend locks, confusion stopp’d
The purport of his tongue ; his heart was full ;
But on his knee dropp’d sudden ; he breath’d
“ forth,
From fervent heart, a thousand, thousand bless-
“ ings,
Silent, tho’ not in-eloquent. He long’d
To ask how he had weather’d out the storm
Of want and sorrow ; which the elder reading
In his enquiring eye, thus spake : — “ I live
“ To see thy face once more, thou comely copy
“ Of my old master ! Know, that righteous
“ Power,
“ Who saw my truth, and gratitude to him,
“ Rais’d me another guardian in HORATIO :

" Since thy departure, by his bounty fed,

" I've seen thy father's virtues all renew'd,

" His grace, as well as love of doing good,

" And liv'd o'er life again; my joy's so full

" By this last gift, what have I now to do,

" But bless my God, and die?"--" To live, to

live,"

Exclaim'd the youth, " and see an alter'd man."

Then rose and clasp'd him--more he would

have said,

When a kind summons from their host, who

late

Retir'd with his domestics, and prepar'd

The genial board, (while ANNA tended du-

teous

On her MARIA) warn'd them in--he turn'd,

And help'd to raise a mother--she (supported

On either hand) betwixt her children mov'd,

Not meanly proud of two such props; now one,
Now ey'd the other, and with graceful joy
Enter'd the house. Old PHILIP follow'd, weep-
ing.

Around the social board, profusely spread,
Raptur'd they take their several seats; but
short

And tasteless was the meal; fond recollection,
How long they hopeless languish'd for so dear
An interview, subdu'd e'en Nature's claim
Of sweet refreshment. Incoherent phrase,
Short sighs, and interchange of softest looks,
That teem'd with all the fulness of affection,
Supply'd the place. While now the genial glass,
Crown of the meal, went round, their honest
host,

Extravagantly glad, contriv'd new joys
To grace the coming time, bade night descend

Copious in mirth, with all that music's
power,

Or festive dance could add, to cheer the soul,
And make the hours look gay. Thus, far abroad
His fancy flew for fresh and rare delights,
To form a life of bliss—when EDWARD thus—

“ Dear by each tie of infant friendship, dear ”

“ By gen’rous love, and soul beneficent, ”

“ Who hast, with pious care, reliev’d, and
cheer’d

“ Hearts dearer than my own—I know not how

“ To speak my gratitude—yet oh! permit

“ That, for one night, the revel be suspended;

“ And let, oh! let the present hours attest

“ My piety of joy! with liberal alms,

“ That dearest sacrifice to gracious Heaven,

“ Be mark’d the day, which, on its due return,

“ Yearly I mean to hallow. New-deliver’d

"From galling bonds of vice, and thus restor'd

"To ev'ry comfort, ev'ry great enjoyment,

"That faultless virtue cou'd alone expect,

"What can I less? Or how look up to Heaven,

"Begging a kind continuance of his smile,

"With such a faith, as in that moment, when

"O'er misery and age I pour my soul,

"In floods of charity? This day exempt

"From ev'ry other work, this single day,

"Each hour of life beside, I consecrate

"To filial love and friendship." "Be it so!"

Return'd HORATIO, "and unite we all

"In this thy truly charitable task!"

Hence converse sweet, instructive, pious,
grateful,

Full of the grace of Providence to man,

His wondrous power, and will to "scatter good,

"As in a waste of bounty," * cheer'd the soul,
 Till ruddy eve, with golden ray bedeck'd,
 Descended lovely, and around her threw
 Her beauties wide and lavish ; vallies smil'd ;
 The breeze flew light ; more clear and smooth
 the stream ;
 Proud were the hills ; with more than wonted
 fragrance
 Each flow'r enrich'd the gale ; in livelier notes
 Birds fill'd the air ; as Nature's self were glad
 To view th' approaching scene—for now the
 portal
 Capacious stretch'd, t' admit a wretched
 throng,
 Call'd from th' adjacent town (well-known to
 those

* See Congreve's Mourning Bride.

Who steer direct o'er ———'s furze-blown
 heath)

With pious care and speed, and each sad object
 Encounter'd on the way; by various woes,
 And various wants, reduc'd to drag with pain
 A living death;—each ghastly form was there,
 That Poverty, from out her rueful cave,
 Herself could draw, to hurt the eye of man,
 And wound the pitying breast---decrepid age
 Bent underneath its load---sad widowhood,
 With sunken eye, and deep entrenched feature,
 Pin'd inly---tender orphan eyes were wash'd
 In early drops---and sorrowing fathers mourn'd
 Their infants, by the gripe of meagre Famine
 Snatch'd new'y. Lo! beneath the sacred roof
 No eye, no hand, no heart was unemploy'd;
 All, all united in the virtuous task;
 To chase distress, or bid affliction smile,

And saw their fair endeavours well repaid.
 Age bloom'd afresh---here widow'd breasts were
 cheer'd,
 And sung with gratitude---there children wip'd
 Their eyes, and fed. Transported EDWARD
 seem'd
 On ev'ry side, at once ; from ev'ry object
 Drew new delight---(of food, and alms, his
 largess
 So quick, so copious, that the ravish'd taker
 Was scant of pow'r to catch the lib'ral blessing,
 Ere fall'n to earth), then took the goblet large,
 And to the thirsty soul gave draughts of bliss
 Immeasurable ; while the rest apart
 New stores accumulate, therewith compleating
 Such sacred rites, as, here and there, the youth,
 Through fervent duty, and religious haste,

“ Lest needy eyes should tarry long,” * had left
Unfinish’d. Thus employ’d, before him stood,
Unseen till now, a *terrifying form* !
Within the haggard face, distracted Fear,
And writhing Pain, and agonizing Grief,
Had struck their talons deep; the bushy locks
With crimson streams were clotted, and up-
rear’d ;
From hollow eye look’d forth reproachful sor-
row,
And damp’d the pious joy, so newly born
In EDWARD’S heart; his glow of blood forsook
His cheek; while, cold, and clammy, o’er his
brow
Big drops were spread; his nerves unstrung,
the cup

* See Ecclesiasticus, chap. iv.

Fell from his feeble grasp ; a statue he
 Of wild amazement, while within his ears
 (Almost the only sense which now remain'd)
 These heart-astounding accents hideous rung :
 "Not for myself do I approach thee, youth,
 "Or beg thy charity---but for a wife,
 "And two poor children, who, for more than
 twelve
 "Long years, have linger'd out their days in
 want.
 "While strength was theirs, they eat the hard-
 earn'd morsel,
 "And drank the passing stream ; now deadly
 sickness
 "So sore oppresses them, scarce can they raise
 "Their worn-out limbs from earth. Oh ! if
 thou hast

"One crime, which, more than all the rest, sits
heavy

"Within thy breast, and hop'st, at thy last
hour,

"That crime should be forgiven—follow me."

As by a pow'r from Heav'n impell'd, the
youth

Flew forth, and follow'd; by HORATIO's eye

Alone observ'd, who trac'd his frantic steps;

Which, till they reach'd the venerable relics

Of an old ruin'd convent, rested not.

There, westward of the gloomy grove, which
gave

A distant, solemn prospect to the pile,

Beneath the mould'ring fabric's awful height;

The form, which thus had drawn th' affrighted
youth,

Darting an eye of rigour, cried, "Redress,"

And vanish'd from his sight.—Awhile he
stood,

As one just waken'd from a trance, and roll'd
His eye-balls wildly round, big with surprise
And horror!—till HORATIO, sore-alarm'd,
Lest, smote by frenzy strange, imperial reason
Were from her throne remov'd, seiz'd quick his
hand,

Assaying to recall his sense;—in vain—

Eager and loud he cries, “Where is he? Speak?

“I could not be deceiv'd—my eye—my heart,

“In dreadful sympathy, acknowledg'd him;

“The wound was fresh again, the fatal gash

“How wide it yawn'd for vengeance! the red
stream

“Again it boil'd, and with unrighteous stain

“Crimson'd the golden locks!—Redress thee!—

ay,

"Or may my woes ne'er cease! the hand that
smote,

"This moment shall revenge thee!" From his
gripe,

(No quick, nor easy task) HORATIO wrench'd,
And threw the desp'rate weapon far—then
forc'd

Th' enfeebl'd victim of despair to press
The ragged flint, while he, by ev'ry art
That friendship could suggest, by look, by
speech,

By pray'r, and pious tears, assay'd to calm
The tempest in his mind; full well he saw
Some Pow'r, superior far to idle fancy,
Assail'd the shatter'd brain. From EDWARD'S
eye

At length burst forth a sympathetic flood,
And, in disjointed accents, thus he spoke:

"Thou should'st not be a stranger here--
forgive,

"Forgive a man, just sunk in misery!

"But I'll atone it;—yes, belov'd HORATIO,

"Fast as my heart permits, I'll tell thee all:

"Know then, the dreadful cause (to mortal
breast

"Yet unreveal'd, and by thy truth, thy love,

"Thy hope of future blessings, I conjure thee,

"From ev'ry other ear preserve it close)

"Of my removal from my native shore,

"My friends---my duty---then, when boiling
youth

"Ran madly through my veins (too well thou
know'st

"The fatal time) was *this* (Oh guilt!--I trem-
ble

"To give it utterance--) know, I carried with me

" A conscience black with murder!--hast thou
ear

" For more, or shall I stop?—One fatal eve,

" The sun, as now, had just retir'd, (afraid

" To view the deed) with rash, and coward
hand,

" (Swill'd hot with wine, and fir'd by frantic
rage,

" At some slight word) I smote a surly hind:

" Smote him—and life was gone—I fondly
hop'd

" That penitence, which deep within my heart

" Pour'd its soft balm, had cur'd the rankling
sore,

" And bade my mind be still. My hope was
vain!

" 'Tis not for me to know repose; 'ev'n now

" The form was with me; nay, it liv'd, it look'd

"It spoke---exact the same with that, my memory

"Bears, and will ever bear!---what might this mean?

"Calls it not loud for vengeance? Should I not

"Submit me willing to the law, and pay

"The price of blood with blood?---Nay, speak in mercy."

Silent and fixt they sat, and pious grief

With pious grief engag'd; their levell'd eyes

Smote, and transfix'd each other---soul with soul

Convers'd, and speech was useless. When a

yell

Of woe, which cleft alike their ears and hearts,

Awoke them--round the ruin'd walls (which

long

Retain'd, and to each other rattled shrill

The piercing sound) they, trembling, seek the
cause.

'Tis found. Within a clammy, clay-built hut...
(Which, for support, clung to the solemn stone)
With sticks and straws o'erlaid, whose scant
enclosure

Receiv'd each gust of th' ever-shifting wind,
Yielded to ev'ry falling flint, and drank
Each drenching shower—a form, with pallid
want,

And misery o'erspread, lay stretch'd on earth,
And seem'd, as in that moment life had left
Her wretched mansion ; of attire so bare,
'T was Misery's sad emblem !—EDWARD knelt—
And, while his heart ran o'er with pity, rais'd
The dying frame—then clasp'd within his bo-
som,

To kindle warmth, and sooth back wand'ring
breath;

Supplying thus, with charitable care,
The sacred task of two enfeebled children,
Who, in their slender arms, had long sustain'd
That load of anguish ; but worn out, at last,
Despoil'd of all their strength, perforce, they
gave

Their burthen to the ground, and, in that cry
Of mad despair, instinctive seem'd to ask
From Heaven that aid, they could no longer
give.

With dubious aspect EDWARD eyes his charge:
Now thinks a faintish flush be-tints the cheek ;
Now seems the lid, with weak assay, to court
A ray of light ; and now, within the bosom,
Deep seems the struggling breath to sob...but
all

So short, and so imperfect, that his hopes
Die, ere they well are born. Just then Ho-

RATIO,

(Who in that very moment, when the scene
First met his eye, on mercy's wings had flown
To the next neighb'ring cottage) came supply'd
With food and cordial bev'rage; wholesome
wines,

Such as the birch or cowslip's yellow leaf
Yields to the dextrous housewife's art;---over-
joy'd,

EDWARD beholds; and, with united care,
Between them they support the famish'd wretch;
Dealing with prudent, not with niggard hand,
Scanty and slow relief, by soft degrees
Soliciting the coy return of life.
During their task (O man! how graceful thou
In such beseeeming offices engag'd!)

The elder girl, on whom some fourteen years
 Had set their goodly mark, thus answer'd sweet
 HORATIO'S earnest questions: "'Tis indeed
 " My mother, sir; my good, my loving mother,
 " Who from the little that her labour earn'd,
 " Gave us the largest share---stinting herself
 " To feed her children---Illness now has long
 " Made her unfit to labour, and the bounty
 " Of charitable passengers has been
 " Our only means of living. Oftentimes,
 " When in the height of poverty and pain,
 " I've heard her wish to die, and say her heart
 " Was dead long, long ago, and, weeping sore,
 " Has oft related all the dismal cause---
 " That when she went with child, and was far
 gone,
 " Of my young sister, sir, who stands beside
 you,

“(There’s but two years between us) one sad
night,

“Expecting my poor father to his supper,

“From ev’ning work, he was brought to her
murder’d,

“His head and face all over blood.—By whom

“’Twas done, she never knew.” The friends,
at once,

From burning cheeks, and fire-emitting eyes,

Flash’d wonder on each other; EDWARD starting,

Forgot his charge, and to a place remote

Flew, to assuage the fulness of his mind.

Now the tough father of the bounteous cot,

Whence good HORATIO brought the timely food,

(The ev’ning duties of his farm discharg’d)

Returning with the guardian of his door,

His honest mastiff, seeks his homely board,

With Nature's plain and wholesome diet
crown'd;

Where, with his wife, his children, and domestics,

He went to share the social hour, to hear

The waggish joke, and join the shout of mirth;

Or with delight repeat their labours past,

Re-tread their paths along the pasture fair,

Re-mount the sloping hill, review with glee,

Through Fancy's magic glass, the rising grain;

And thus, in Nature's honest feelings, pay

The God of Harvest not unwelcome praise.

Scarce was HORATIO gone, when he arriv'd—

(HORATIO, lord of ev'ry flow'ry lawn,

Each fertile mead, and deep-embow'ring grove,

For many miles around—HORATIO, friend

To the distress'd, and father of the poor ;

The tenant's pride and fav'rite !) from his dame

The toiling rustic learns the strange event,
The place, the pressing cause---deserts his *meal*,
And hour of mirth, and with his jolly sons,
Three sturdy, sun-burn'd lads, goes forth in
haste,

To seek the presence of his much-lov'd lord,
And proffer honest aid, in home-spun phrase.

Weak nature now, in some degree, repair'd,
And vital sense and quick'ning warmth restor'd,
To them HORATIO glad resigns his charge ;
Intreating, with religious care, their home
Might take the strangers in, and feed their
wants,

Till he resum'd the task ; then seeks his friend,
Around the venerable walls—where fix'd,
And silent, he surprises him, with hands
Still clasp'd, tho' fall'n, and heav'n-ward swell-
ing eyes,

That teem'd with holy wonder—"Gracious
God!"

Was all the raptur'd man could say; HORATIO,
Wistful how much he felt, with meek deport
Engag'd his arm, then with assuasive speech,
Strengthen'd by Reason, born of righteous Zeal,
Pour'd balm into his soul, as he beguil'd
His wayward steps to seek their friendly home.

" 'Tis as thy soul divines—nay seek no more
That wretched form—all thy fond soul could
ask

" To gratify the present wish, is done—

" Harbour, and rest, and peaceful bread is her's.

" From her own mouth, when power of speech,
at last,

" Tho' weak, return'd, I gain'd un-erring proofs;

" With temper hear, and as thou hears't adore

" The wonder-working hand (for such I deem it!)

" Which led thee through the maze of this great
day ;

" Then to thy adoration join, with me,
This firm belief, that from thy LIFE alone

" Redress is claim'd---Nor dare, by impious
act

" Of fell despair, reduce thy date of years,

" But patient wait till Providence demands thee!

" Oh ! * tarry thou his leisure ! if aright

" I judge, (and not presumptuous be it held !)

" He hath not cast thee off, nor holds thy deed,

" Tho' foul, inexpiable—he regards,

" With Mercy's eye, I trust, the erring hand

" Of youth, and rage—and sees, (thy heart ex-
plor'd,)

" No love of guilt, no black intention there.

" What voice but his could call ? Why interrupt

* See the Psalms.

"The pious office which engag'd thy soul?

"Doth it not seem to say—Behold, I shew

"A greater duty far, a nearer claim

"Upon thy charity, which, undischarg'd,

"The rest avail thee lightly? Oh! pursue

"The wondrous track, obey the great command,

"And all may yet be well." "Thou best of
friends,"

EDWARD return'd, (with soften'd heart and
speech,

And eyes, that melted in affection's dew)

"Thy breath is comfort to my heart; thy words,

"With all conviction's force, assail my sense;

"To this great duty will I dedicate

"My future hours, and leave the rest to Heav'n;

"And if he hath not wholly cast me off,

"Nor holds my crime, tho' foul, inexpiable,

"May I, when I neglect this earthly task,

“ His purpos'd mercy forfeit !” Mild discourse
Thus soothes and cheers their hearts reciprocal,
Till in their sight the dear abode appears:
Where the forsaken family (surmising
Some distant act of goodness, call'd the friends,
With grace united, forth) compleated well
The righteous work at home, and, ere they sent
The guests rejoicing forth, surcharg'd with stores,
They bless'd the day, and bade its due return
With annual rites of charity be hallow'd.
EDWARD, unsuited now to any converse
But that of his own mind, requests his friend
To gloze his absence with some fair excuse,
And to his chamber calm and clear retires.
The chamber gain'd, with care and anxious
haste,
The door he clos'd, forbidding e'en a breath
Of transient air should interrupt his thought.

Beside his couch, in zeal precipitate,
 Plunging upon his knees, " Almighty Father,
 " (If yet by that dear name I dare invoke thee)
 " Beam from thy throne of mercy one kind ray
 " Of comfort on my breast, and teach my heart
 " How, in my conduct, I may best atone
 " My former guilt, and, in my hours to come,
 " Deserve thy gracious care—to all, that may
 " Find favour in thy sight, far as I know,
 " I here devote me—ev'ry morn and eve
 " My heart shall duly seek thee—duly praise
 " Thy wondrous pow'r, beneficence and mercy ;
 " No day unmark'd by charity shall pass ;
 " But chief th' unhappy, whom my fatal hand,
 " By one dire act, (Oh ! pardon ! pardon ! par-
 don !)
 " Made poor and widow'd—she shall never
 know

"A care, while life remains, if I have power

"To chase it from her breast—my fortune's
stream

"Shall flow unbounded o'er her wants, and feed

"Her wither'd heart with plenty—to her chil-
dren

"I'll be another father, in my love;

"And, if thy goodness, oh my God, permit

"A length of days for this my pious purpose,

"My gratitude shall bless thee; if denied,

"Right-willing I submit—in ev'ry thing

"Be prais'd thy justice, and thy will be done!"

Heart-eas'd he rose; then to his pillow quick

Repairs, and coming night (whose thicken'd

gloom

He wont not to behold without dismay,

Reluctant horror, each alarm of soul,

That apprehension breeds in conscious guilt,)

With earnest suit, he now invokes, in sleep
To shed relief on his much harrass'd sense.
His suit was heard; and Sleep, on downy plumes
Descending soft, envelop'd all the man.
When, to his mental eye, the very phantom,
Which all so late disturb'd his inmost soul,
Once more appear'd, but clad in other guise:
In the late haggard face distracted fear,
And writhing pain, and agonizing grief,
No more were seen; no more the bushy locks
With crimson drops were clotted and uprear'd.
Each placid feature seem'd by gentle peace
Becalm'd, and Satisfaction's sweetest smile
Beam'd lovely; soft Content, in meek array,
Dwelt on the brow, and decent lay the locks:
So mild the form, Tranquility therein
Seem'd to have fix'd her residence entire,
Immoveable, eternal—Thus it spake,

While drops of comfort, from each sacred
breath,

Melted on EDWARD's heart, as kindly dews,

From Heav'n descending soft on new-born
flowers.

" Repentant soul, sleep now a quiet sleep!

" My pray'r is heard, my wishes are accom-
plish'd;

" Thou now hast made a full redress—awake

" To care and grief no more; henceforth be
guilt,

" And pain, and sorrow, strangers to thy breast,

" But Peace, with all her train, inhabit there,

" And Pleasure strew thy paths! through mor-
tal life

" Safe be thy course, and long! smooth be the
bed

" Of death, and fairest gleams of op'ning bliss

" Shine on thy parting spirit! since REPENT-
ANCE,

" In never-failing streams, hath wash'd away

" The stains of guilt, and well thou hast dis-
charg'd

" Thy debt to JUSTICE, CHARITY, and God!"

So spake the form benign; nor seem'd to leave

The blessed couch, till Morn, with rosy hand,

Expanded full the golden gates of light.

Refresh'd, and full of gladness, EDWARD rose;

First wafted grateful praise, with holy zeal,

Then sought, in haste, his friend; and o'er, and

o'er,

Revolv'd, and re-possess'd the vision fair,

With wonder and delight; each greeting eye

He met with transport new; the name of son

He long enjoy'd; and, from that hour, awoke

To care and grief no more; thenceforth were
 guilt,
 And pain, and sorrow, strangers to his breast;
 Peace, with her lovely train, resided there,
 And pleasure strew'd his paths; through mortal life
 Safe was his course and long; smooth was the
 bed
 Of death, and fairest gleams of op'ning bliss
 Shone on his parting spirit:—for REPENTANCE,
 In never-failing streams, *bad* wash'd away
 The stains of guilt; and well he had discharg'd
 His debt to JUSTICE, CHARITY, and GOD.

THE END



